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PREFACE.*

SINCE the Revolution in Germany has displaced the House of Austria from its ancient supremacy ; and caused such changes in the states of Princes, that we hardly can trace the names of countries which were once familiar to most men, and particularly dear to soldiers : it seems necessary to premise that this Romance was begun, and had proceeded as far as the middle of the second volume long before the disastrous events took place which overturned the Germanic empire.

The Author of *The Hungarian Brothers*, when she selected the triumphant field of the Archduke

* In consequence of the Author's sudden indisposition, the preface is written by a friend.

Charles, as the theatre for the actions of her hero, had no presage how its glories would be extinguished by the overwhelming infamy of General Mack. Her scene was Vienna, in honour ; Vienna, filled with laurelled veterans, and young warriors panting for the field.—All is now changed : Vienna and her boast are no more ; Germany has passed under the yoke of the usurper ;—and the country of Charles of Leopolstat and his virtuous Commander, is like a tale of other times,—a story, of what once was Carthage, once was Rome.

After a cessation of eighteen months, occasioned by circumstances much at variance with the prosecution of a work of fancy, this Romance was completed in the month of January 1807. The Author on re-perusing it, regarded several of its features with an apprehensive eye.—The difference between Foreign manners and those of England, might in these pages, at first sight, be mistaken for a dereliction from nature ; and the strong painting of some of the characters, be deemed as inappropriate and preposterous.

In the first place, all who have travelled over the Continent, will recollect the animated saluta-

tions, which pass between relations and friends of either sex. Whether such (to us, extraordinary) expressions of tenderness, arise from a peculiar sensibility, or is only compliance with custom, cannot easily be determined ; but so it is :—and while two Englishmen meet and shake hands, two Foreigners embrace with the fondness of brothers.—These shades of national character being attended to in these pages, neither the affectionate endearments of the Counts of Leopoldstat, the romantic whims of the Barons of Ingersdorf, nor the overbearing haughtiness of the Prince Nuremberg, are in the least out of place.

The character of this Prince is the second cause of anxiety to the Author ; for there is a probability that some readers may not believe the union of so much pride, with so much meanness ; may not give credit to such harsh and ill-mannered violence being in the conduct of a man of his illustrious birth and breeding.

There is, to the middle orders of society, something almost impossible, in the idea of a *Prince* being vulgar, even in a rage. But when we consider that ungoverned passion has no reason to remind it,

either of the decencies of politeness, or even of humanity, we cannot wonder at hearing the same malignant spirit utter its foul language as roundly from the lips of a Prince as from a peasant.—We may judge of one rank by another; and what we find in Earls and Dukes, we need not be surprised to discover some trace of, amongst Princes. There are many worthy and noble families in England, who, if they were to set a notary behind the arras, might shew minutes from the mouth of his Lordship or his Grace, very different from those which fell from the tongue of Sir Charles Grandison. How many trembling wives, with coronets round their brows, will silently assent to this?—How many daughters, will shudderingly whisper—“It is true!”

To draw nature as accurately as her acquaintance with it would allow, was the intention of the Author; and to produce from the circumstances of the story some useful moral, was her aim.—She has placed her heroes in various situations, because the destinies of man are various.—His temptations are shifting every hour:—and to warn youth from those quicksands, which gem the ocean of life like the Happy Isles of the poets, now appearing in all the

bloom of spring, now vanishing into vapour, and now sinking with the anchored vessel into the bosom of the deep;—to set up beacons where danger lies;—to shew youth the destructive tendency of uncontrolled passions, and the safety and loveliness of the affections which belong wholly to the heart; to present all this in one view, a development has been attempted to be made in these pages, of the usual causes which seduce and precipitate men into error: and much has been said to prove the happy effects of those generous sensibilities, which put a bridle on the passions, while they enlarge and tender the heart.

March, 1807.

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THE

HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

CHAP. I.

IN a steep recess of the Carpathian mountains, at the foot of which glides the waters of the Tareza, stands the castle of Leopolstat. Its deserted towers were formerly but dimly seen by the traveller, through woods of pine and larch that were suffered to grow rankly around ; and if he approached the edifice, its mournful solitariness at once excited his surprise and his curiosity. His eye vainly sought for martial groupes peopling the mossy ramparts, and harmonising with the scene ; and his ear fruitlessly waited to catch the sound of arms, and of watch-words, the steps of centinels, the clang of cymbals, and all the terrific accompaniments of spirit-stirring war. Massy, magnificent, and entire, reflection could not account for this abandonment

of Leopoldstat ; but every peasant in Hungary could solve the mystery.

The family of Leopoldstat were fallen into decay: the virtues of some of its individuals, and the vices of others had dissipated its once rich revenues, leaving to the remaining heirs, only that respect which the good, delight in bestowing upon such as suffer undeservedly. Udislaus, the last count, wasted the advantages of eminent talents and a commanding exterior, in a life of profligacy. He married a beautiful orphan of no rank, at an age when neither his character nor her's were formed ; and shortly afterwards, growing to hate her for the very virtue which forced him to surrender his liberty, ceased to treat her even with common consideration. He spent his riotous hours in Vienna ; she, her blameless ones in Hungary ; and while he revelled away his soul and his fortune at the gaming-table, or drowned recollection of both in the embraces of courtezans ; she walked on the moon-lighted battlements with her little son, extracting from the silvered scene below, and the splendid light above, lessons of knowledge and piety.

After five years total estrangement, the count returned to Hungary, in consequence of a disorder, for which the air of his native place was recommended. The countess having sincerely loved him, felt all her tenderness revive, as she fixed her tearful eyes upon the decaying ruins of his once admi-

rable figure; sickness had silenced awhile licentious passions; and something like the father and the husband rising in his breast as he beheld his wife and child, gave a thoughtfulness to his appearance, which indicated remorse. Flattering herself with the hope of reclaiming and attaching him, she sought every method devised by duteous affection, to soothe his wayward spirits, and restore his health. Such sweetness with such beauty, could not pass quite unheeded by the man to whom they had once been inordinately dear; they rekindled a short-lived passion, which soon terminated in indifference; and his heart hardening, as the fear of death receded, he set out for Germany, leaving his credulous wife to mourn over that fond delusion, which had left her nothing but the prospect of giving birth to another child, destined to neglect and ruin.

While her youngest son was yet in arms, the countess heard the afflicting intelligence of her husband's flight with a married woman, and received at the same time a proof of his complete depravity, by finding herself and children reduced almost to poverty. Udislaus had alienated and mortgaged nearly the whole of his paternal inheritance, had left, in short, nothing but the ancient castle, and a small belt of ground encircling it, barely capable of producing annually, one thousand rix-dollars. To inhabit the castle upon such an income was impossible; the countess, therefore, quitted it, and took re-

fuge in a lodge which had formerly been the abode of Leopoldstat's chief huntsman.

There, forgotten by that world, (which indeed knew her only by name) in the very may-day of life, did she devote every thought to her children; and there, under the observing eye of maternal solicitude, did their infant hearts gradually unfold from innocence into principle. The prior of a neighbouring convent supplied the place of a tutor to these deserted boys: he found in the youngest, genius and docility; in the eldest, the application of a comprehensive, vigorous intellect; and won to love, as much as at first he pitied them, this excellent man soon enriched their minds with the mingled treasures of history and philosophy.

Accustomed to the hardest sports, chasing the chamois and the boar, amongst trackless woods, and over tremendous heights; sometimes on foot, joining the perilous toils of the gold-hunters, and leaping from cliff to cliff with the agility of a young antelope; sometimes mounted on a horse fleetier than wind, and borne along through sudden storms of thunder or of snow; with a dauntless heart, and a complexion glowing like the heath-flowers that sprung up under his steps, Charles grew enamoured of danger, and became habituated to fatigue. At sixteen he panted for military renown, and at sixteen, his anxious mother procured for him the patronage of Prince de E——, through whose friend-

ship he obtained a commission in the Austrian service.

Only four years had elapsed after his departure from Hungary, when he was recalled to receive the last sigh of his mother. Without energy to contend against disappointed affection ; and with an apprehensive tenderness for her children, which continually presented the most melancholy presages, the bitterest regrets, this too-susceptible woman sunk under the weight of unshared sorrow, and fell a victim at once to maternal and connubial love. In her dying moments she adjured Charles, by his hopes here and hereafter, to watch over the rectitude and prosperity of his brother ; she joined their trembling hands as they knelt before her death-bed, and listened to the tone of holy awe and subdued anguish, in which Charles swore to obey her.

After having paid the last duties to the remains of his mother, the young count entrusted Demetrius to the care of their mutual benefactor the prior, purposing to take on himself the charge of his future conduct, whenever Demetrius should arrive at an age fitted to encounter the world.

As his mournful gaze hung on the sweet boy, retiring from the parlour of the convent, he drew a profound sigh, pressed his hand for a moment upon his forehead, and then said,

“ I have perhaps, already wearied you, good father, with instructions about my brother ; but you

must pardon the weakness of an overcharged, overflowing heart, as full of fondness as of grief."

He stopped awhile, and resumed in a firmer tone—

"Suffer me to add one more to my many requests.—When you answer the questions concerning our family affairs, which the ripening reason of Demetrius will probably soon prompt, do not inform him fully of our destiny; do not tell him he is absolutely dependent upon such a poor fellow as I am; for that would be to substitute obligation for affection, apprehension instead of confidence between us. I should abhor the thought of owing his regard to mere gratitude: he must entrust me with his future errors or difficulties, free from every sordid fear, or I shall shrink at the task of censuring them.

"There is another motive too, stronger even than this, (for this, is but a whim of over-strained delicacy perhaps;) it is my passionate desire, to let him *enjoy* the brightest part of life. Our youth, good father, is the only delightful portion of our sojourn here; it is the blessed period in which we may safely surrender ourselves to innocent cheerfulness. With guileless thoughts, a guiltless soul, unchastised hopes, unbroken health, and warm affections, could I bear to see that dear boy, withered, blighted, crushed as it were, by a perfect know-

ledge of all that his mother suffered, and all that his brother has yet to contend with?"

"The springing spirit of youth, is not so easily crushed," observed the prior.

"Ah! but it is, cried Charles hastily; (and the conviction of how it had been overpowered in *his* young bosom, blanched his healthful cheek;) am not I a proof that the most thoughtless gaiety is to be speedily vanquished by anxiety for beloved objects? Ever since I could reflect, my liveliest moments have been embittered by cares. Often have dismayng anticipations, and vehement indignation chased away the remembrance of enchanting pleasures, and driven sleep and peace from my pillow, while I thought alternately of my mother, my brother, and my own ravished rights. I am not proof against the certainty that I was born to a splendid fortune, and that a father robbed me of it: that his barbarity has left me only an empty title; debarred me from the gratification of honourable desires; deprived me of all hope of blessing a race of my own; and entailed on me the additional misery of seeing a beloved brother, doomed to a life equally joyless. I am a man, Father! a very young one; and I feel keenly, too keenly perhaps, the bondage of broken fortunes. Let me then interpose between my brother and premature cares: let my breast be his shield. Demetrius shall be happy—at least awhile,

if I can keep him so—the world will soon enough make him otherwise.”

To this distempered reasoning, the prior had nothing to oppose : and too ignorant of life, to foresee the evils which might accrue from following the plan proposed, assured Charles of his acquiescence, and instructed his pupil accordingly.

A commerce with mankind, of nearly five more years, did not materially alter the character of the young count. It is true, that passion and example had essayed to whelm him in vice ; but like the eternal oak, whose roots are said to strike deeper, as the storm rages fiercer among its tortured branches, his virtue strengthened by contests with his own frailties, and every fresh struggle, but confirmed its stability.

Though devoted to his profession, and employed in actual service, he found means to reconcile war with the graces ; even in camps, he pursued the track of useful science, into which the prior had conducted him : he studied intently ; relieving his severer pursuits, by music and drawing.

The commencement of hostilities between France and Austria, gave him an opportunity of applying military speculations to practice. In his very first campaign, he astonished the veteran officers by a display of promptitude, judgment, and skill, almost miraculous at his age ; by an intrepidity which never varied ; and a presence of mind equal to every

emergency. His gallant defence of an obscure post which circumstances, unexpectedly rendered very important, attracted universal admiration, to a hitherto unobserved ; so that it soon became common for the generals to prophesy, that the young Hungarian, who studied the principles of war assiduously in his tent, and illustrated them bravely in the field, would one day rival the hero of Saxe and Montecuculi.

The peace which closed the year 1797, afforded Charles an opportunity of revisiting Hungary the ensuing spring ; at which time, this narrative commences.

He set out for his native place, with a crowd of sweet and bitter feelings, thronging round his heart ; and came in sight of the stupendous castle, (of which, his father's death had long since made him lord,) just as the evening sun was empurpling its moss-grown battlements. What gushing tenderness, what manly indignation, by turns dimmed and lightened his eyes at the view ! What affecting remembrances of his mother and brother, were revived by every familiar object ! How many hopes and fears, and painful anxieties, throbbed in his brave bosom, as he thought of that dear brother, so inexpressibly interesting, so tenderly beloved, so impressively confided ! He had left him a child, he was now to find him a young man : he was about to bear him from the warm shelter of

religious retirement, and to plunge him amid the boisterous element of war. For, alas! Detrius was even more destitute than Charles; and in Germany, the army alone opens a path to preferment.

The tenderness predominant in the character of Detrius, joined to a peculiar delicacy of constitution, tended to deepen the interest with which his desolate childhood, had ever inspired his amiable brother. The latter could now contemplate his own blighted fate with serenity; but to imagine the life of that precious object, devoted to struggling with the mortifications entailed on indigent nobility, was still to dwell on a prospect at once agonizing and abhorrent.

Absorbed in multitudinous reflections, he turned his horse towards the valley, in which the convent of St. Xavier, was situated; stopping at its entrance, (scarcely conscious that he did so,) to look at a figure on an opposite acclivity. It was a young man of eighteen, standing with careless gracefulness near a marble quarry, as if momentarily observing the labours of the workmen; he wore the Hungarian habit, which, from its grand simplicity, is so well calculated to heighten the beauty of manly proportions. At his feet lay a couple of wolf-dogs, and in his hand, he held a light hunting-spear.

At so short a distance, Count Leopoldstat could

distinctly note his figure and face ; the former was of admirable stature, and buoyant with animation ; the latter announced a heart, that as yet knew nor sin nor sorrow. It was a countenance bright with all the hopes, and all the benevolence of youth ; warm with the carnation tints of that sweet season of life, when our very fluids seem as pure as our wishes, as vivid as our expectations.

In a tumult of doubt and eagerness, Charles threw himself from his horse, while some indistinct sounds, escaped his lips : the young man started, darted forwards a joyful glance, and precipitating down the height flung himself into his brother's arms. " Charles !" he exclaimed, in a thrilling tone of lively affection. His brother pressed him to his breast without speaking ; for the remembrance of their dying mother, suddenly came over him, and tears blinded him as it did so.

Never before, were two such brothers, clasped in the fraternal embrace. At that instant, they might have been taken for models of moral and material beauty : they were indeed, perfect specimens of the loveliness of youth, and the magnificence of manhood.

The superior stature of Charles ; the determined form, and martial character of his limbs ; his complexion embrowned, by many campaigns ; and his features, touched with that gentle sadness, to which thought and experience, invariably give

birth, were finely contrasted by the youth, the bloom, the spirit of Demetrius. Thus would have looked the noble war-horse, sublime in conscious strength and "proud submission;" when compared, with the young Arabian, yet free and unbroken, and sparkling in all the graces of his original wildness.

The eyes of Demetrius met the soft scrutiny of his brother's, with a sweet fearlessness; his unspotted soul was to be seen in their bright azure, and all its properties immediately defined: but the expression of Charles's, (though they were blue also,) was not so easily comprehended: it was an expression made up of mingled feelings. His eyes were not to be read in a single glance; they were a volume of noble matter, and the observer developed gradually, in them, all the signs of great and amiable qualities.

When the transport of surprise had subsided, Leopoldstat gave his horse to a peasant, and proceeded with his brother towards St. Xavier's. Mutual embarrassment, now caused mutual silence. It is ever thus, between persons who love each other, meeting after a long separation: the fear of jarring in opinion, taste, or manner; the dread of displeasing or being displeased, when it is so important to be congenial, generally produces a reserve which makes the first interview, of all others the least satisfying to the heart. Charles

often looked wistfully on the beaming countenance of Demetrius ; and as often affectionately pressed his hand. They were entering the vineyards belonging to the convent, when Demetrius, meeting one of those anxious glances, said, smiling,—

“ I am *sure* we shall like each other ! ”

Entertained with the *naiveté* of this remark, his brother smiled too, and replied,

“ I have no doubt of that ; my only fear is, that I shall like you too well.”

The prior of St. Xavier's had been apprized by Charles, of his intended visit ; he was therefore prepared to see and to welcome him. Every inhabitant of the convent was forward in demonstrations of that genuine esteem which is the purchase of goodness only : they all knew that he had voluntarily resigned to his mother, (and since her death, to the charges of his brother's military education,) that slender income which was his, independent of his profession ; and though themselves shut out from the world's temptations, they still had judgment to appreciate the self-denial of a young man, who thus persisted in abjuring all pleasures, for the sake of a duty not allowed to be one, by our modern moralists.

At five and twenty, Charles was more cheerful than he had been at nineteen ; for at that age, he was suffering from the shock of disappointed hopes ; and the complete knowledge of those evils, atten-

dant on rank, united with poverty—at that age, experience shewed him, that he could not hew out a path to fortune and honour, by his sword alone; that envy and intrigue, obscures the brightest actions, robs them of their reward, and too often gives to them, the colour of crimes.

Astonished and indignant, at beholding the elevation of the contemptible, while modest virtue was pushed rudely down; finding no additional respect paid to his nobility, from his misfortunes, (an expectation so natural to youth,) he renounced with disgust and despair, all views of comfort: he mixed in scenes of gaiety, without enjoyment, and became for awhile, gloomy and misanthropic; but this misanthropy was a transitory fever; an immoderate passion, in which his amiable nature exhausted its small portion of bitterness. As he learnt more of life and came nearer to his fellow-creatures, this asperity wore off; he saw so much good, where at first there appeared so little; so many failings, where he once expected to find greatness only, that he soon became reconciled to the destinies of mankind; and reason and religion teaching him to comprehend such of the plans of providence, as are permitted us to scan, brought his mind to a chearful and admiring acquiescence with them all.

After a fortnight spent among the brotherhood of St. Xavier's, Leopoldstat announced his intention

of returning to Germany. In this short time, he ascertained nearly the whole of his brother's character ; he observed all its tendencies ; and convinced, from such observation, that Demetrius would long require a monitor, solicitously sought to secure his future confidence.

The night before their journey, the brothers, unconscious of each other's purpose, met at the grave of their mother. Demetrius was stretched upon it, mingling sobs and tears with his kisses, when Charles entered the little cemetery in which it was. Lost in his own grief, Demetrius heard not the steps of his brother, who advanced slowly ; but a deep sigh suddenly rousing him, he started up, ashamed of the tears then flooding his disordered features, and trying to escape, stammered out some indistinct words. Charles, gently detaining him, (while his eyes rivetted themselves with sad earnestness upon the grave) said, "Why should you go, my brother? ought not we both to lament here?" He then threw himself upon the ground.

Under the melancholy light of a shrouded moon, while the cypress trees by which the burying-ground was shaded, groaned in the gusty wind, did Charles once more renew his oath of protecting and guiding Demetrius ; and Demetrius, leaning on his brother's breast, internally vowed to emulate the excellence he loved in Charles. This scene passed in silence ; and it was not till they

were far from the cemetery, that Charles, looking back and seeing the dark trees still rustling in the chill night air, shivered with strong emotion, and observed that it was piercing cold. They parted immediately afterwards, sad and thoughtful.

A sunny morning had revived the spirits of the brothers, when they met to commence their long journey ; and then affectionate adieus and grateful acknowledgments passed between them and the holy brotherhood.

Demetrius entered the capital of Austria with eager steps ; the palaces and public buildings certainly faded before the magnificence of his imagination ; but the warlike appearances presenting themselves at every gate ; the carriages filled with handsome and ornamented women ; the buz of pleasure ; the tumult of business ; the groupes of young men in military uniforms that stood discussing political questions in the libraries and squares ; the cordial welcome given *en passant*, to Charles, excited in him new and delightful sensations. He longed to be enrolled amongst these spirited young men, and to find himself of some consequence in society, by having, like them, a profession.

A visit to a camp just formed near Vienna, and an introduction to several distinguished officers, completed the intoxication of Demetrius ; he was never wearied with asking questions, and making observations ; not a single sentinel escaped him.

Charles smiled at the zeal with which he prosecuted these inquiries, and the swiftness with which he noticed every minute peculiarity ; but he was observing also, and he hailed with pleasure, these signs of an enthusiastic temper.

The third day after their arrival, Demetrius was presented to the Arch-Duke, who now graciously acknowledged the services of Charles, by giving his brother a commission ; Demetrius dined the same day with the officers of his regiment, and the next morning Charles thus addressed him.

“ I am not going to preach a long lecture to you, my dear brother, for I believe the thorough knowledge you must have of my anxiety for your temporal good, and eternal happiness, will render it unnecessary. I depend upon the warm affection you are daily shewing me—an affection my heart gratefully acknowledges, for your honourable conduct through life ; I am certain you will never rush wilfully into any immorality, because you are convinced that my peace would be embittered incurably by it ; and I trust you will always have such a dependance on my indulgent tenderness as never to withhold from me any circumstance perilous to your tranquillity or rectitude. Though I have lived seven years longer in the world than you have done, they have not been spent in making me austere ; I should have lived then to little purpose had they not rendered me compassionate

to all that err, and doubled my reverence for such as continue upright.

“At your age I had to struggle with the temptations that will naturally assail you also; under some I sunk; over the most serious I triumphed; but I did so, Demetrius, through the divine assistance; believe me the source of moral strength does not lie on earth, it must be sought for, above.”

Charles paused, and his eyes resting upon the beautiful face of his brother, gradually softened from the expression of adoration into that of fondness. “To make a discourse to a young man, upon the hazard of having a handsome person,” he resumed, “seems laughable; and a century or two ago, would have been a work of supererogation, but the free manners of the present day, render it indispensable.

“Trust me, there is nothing which a youth is so intoxicated by, nothing for which he is so little prepared, (and therefore, so likely to be taken, *à la coup de main*;) as admiration from women. He enters the world, expecting perhaps, to fall in love, but the thought of being beloved in return, upon any other grounds than a series of worth and constancy, never passes over the threshold of his imagination; he is consequently, in danger of being overset, the very first time in which he receives proofs of unsought tenderness. Let me urge you then, to remember, (whenever such a thing hap-

pens to you;) that the affection of the estimable, is alone worthy of esteem; and that the woman who displays unsolicited liking, forfeits her most respectable claim to the heart of man.)

“ Be careful therefore, to stifle the earliest spark of vanity; for that is a passion which is as powerful as love itself; and many persons, seeking only what they thought a harmless indulgence of it, have been entangled in snares, from which they never afterwards, could escape.

“ I can conceive no situation more desperate than that of a man, otherwise well-principled, who has suffered himself to be inebriated with the admiration of a woman, whom he does not sufficiently respect, to marry; and who, having sacrificed both her virtue and reputation, to his heartless phrensy, finds himself imperiously commanded by honour and compassion, not to abandon her.

“ Always ask yourself, what is likely to be the consequence of such and such actions, and your own pure soul will instinctively recoil from any track that seems leading towards guilt. Above all things, teach yourself to refer every action and every motive, to the commandments of your Creator. Never, my brother, never for a moment, lose sight of the important truth, that you are an accountable creature; that virtue, consists in a series of sacrifices; happiness, in the consciousness of a life well used!

“Continue to love me as you now do, and I can fear nothing. Let us henceforth, have but one soul: let us impart our weaknesses, our faults, our griefs, our joys, to each other:—let us candidly reprove, or affectionately applaud, whatever we may observe wrong, or praise-worthy: let us, in short, never forget the death-bed of our mother!”

Charles took his brother’s hand as he spoke, and pressed it to his heart: that excellent heart, was big with many emotions.—“God bless you, my Demetrius!” he added—“you know not how extremely dear you are to me.”

The expressive colour in his attentive hearer’s cheeks, had varied rapidly during this address; he now bent his head over the hand of Leopoldstat, to hide the sensibility, which boyishly he blushed at; but soon after raising his eyes, he said—

“My future conduct must entitle me to this excess of goodness. At present Charles, I can only offer you the sole possession and guidance, of my inexperienced heart: such as it is, you see it completely; and ever shall see it.”

Answering this, with an eloquent smile Charles proceeded. “It is proper to tell you, how much money will be at your disposal for the time to come: added to the pay of your commission, you will have a thousand rix-dollars annually: can you contrive to live upon so modest an income, in this gay capital?”

"A child cannot be more ignorant of money than I am, returned Demetrius; but I dare say some obliging acquaintance will soon teach me how to dispose of it. Yet tell me; am I indebted for this to your generosity?"

A graceful embarrassment made Charles hesitate, while he ambiguously answered, "My father put it out of my power to be *generous*, even to my brother: this was our dear mother's income; and of course it becomes the property of her younger son."

Demetrius believed this assertion, implicitly; the thing appeared so natural; and it was so unlikely that a Count of Leopoldstat should possess only an estate of a thousand rix-dollars, yet be able to resign it to his brother. A cheerful smile brightened his eyes, and he was about to reply, when a party of young men, self-invited to breakfast, entered the apartment.

With some of these the brothers attended parade, and afterwards visited the magic gardens at Schonbrunn: they went in the evening to the opera, where their inexperienced companion was enchanted with all he heard and all he saw. Exquisitely susceptible of every thing that ministered delight to the taste and the heart, Demetrius might be said, from this night to have literally fallen in love with Harmony; of which he had hitherto, received only a faint impression.

When the entertainment terminated, the party

dispersed; and Charles took his brother to the house of Baron Ingersdorf; where they made part of a large and brilliant assembly.

At the assemblies of the baron, foreigners of distinction, men of learning, the bravest officers, and the most eminent of the nobility, were always to be found: the baroness, was a votary of the fine arts, consequently honoured their professors; and the political power and integrity of her husband, surrounded them with the great and excellent. It was in this house that Charles wished to see his brother familiarized; for it was here, he knew, that reason and decorum guided the unsteady steps of pleasure.

Demetrius was too young and too happy, not to seek crowds with avidity: he was of an age to be attracted by amusement and splendour: he was of a temperament to take a strong bent, either towards the highest self-controul, or the wildest licentiousness: he was to be moved by lively emotions only; and Charles wisely thought that to bring him into contact with a character like Baron Ingersdorf's (which forced admiration, by its unshaken rectitude; while it endeared, by its amiable sociability;) was to impress on him the conviction, that contemporary applause and internal satisfaction, would be the fruit of imitating his virtues. The princely magnificence, and agreeable mixture of rank, science, and beauty, which prevailed in the assemblies

at Ingersdorf's house, would also give an additional charm, to the lesson that was there to be studied.

In their way from the opera, Charles had given his brother a portrait of his patron's mind ; so that Demetrius saw no other object but him, in the superb saloon into which they were ushered.

The baron was a tall, handsome man, in the prime of life ; with a serene, yet somewhat thoughtful countenance ; which whenever he smiled, had a divinity in it that

“ Would he begin a sect, might quench the zeal

“ Of all professors else ; make proselytes

“ Of who he but bid follow !”—

No lover was ever more agitated by the first sigh of his mistress, than Demetrius when the baron bestowed upon him, one of these benign smiles ; when he cordially grasped his hand, and turning to Charles, said—“ I heartily congratulate you, upon having got your brother under your own eye ; and I wish him as much public gratitude, as much private esteem, as it has been your happy destiny, to deserve, and to acquire !—his countenance assures me, I do not wish in vain.”

The grateful blush that now enriched the cheeks of the brothers, was reflected by one of a brighter vermilion, which at this instant overspread that of a beautiful brunette who was engaged in conversa-

tion near them. She was by far the handsomest woman in the room: and from a pair of dazzling dark eyes (that outshone the blaze of jewellery about her person;) Demetrius observed her darting frequently an anxious look towards where they stood. Charles immediately approached, and presented his brother. It was to Mam'selle de Ingersdorf.

Demetrius had been received with so much cordiality by the baron, and so much graceful familiarity by the baroness, that he was now somewhat mortified to observe an air of bashful restraint in their lovely niece: it was a bashfulness, that, as he was yet fettered by the same chain, placed an obstacle between their mutual freedom. He was however, shortly drawn away from the contemplation of it, by the sound of music in a distant apartment, where a few amateurs, were practising one of Mozart's most admirable compositions. In its ravishing expressions, he lost all thought of Mam'selle de Ingersdorf.

From this period, the brothers were inseparable. They were always to be seen together on duty, at the tables of the generals, at the private parties of men of talent, and the public assemblies of women of character; where they were as much admired for their fraternal love, as for their fine persons.

Charles knew exactly, how far to go; and how much better it was, to let his brother drink tempe-

rately of the cup of pleasure, than by forbidding it wholly, to provoke a thirst never to be allayed. Without becoming a spy upon his actions, he was enabled to judge of their propriety ; being constantly his companion ; but he was so, only at the desire of Demetrius himself ; who indeed, relished no amusement unshared.

The discretion and rigid frugality of the young count, prevented any one from suspecting that he lived solely on the income arising from his military employments ; for no man was better habited ; no man freer from debt ; or so often known to assist others. But the secret was, that Charles had long since ascertained his income ; and having a lively abhorrence of dishonesty ; (however disguised under the convenient terms of thoughtlessness, liberality, spirit, &c. &c.) and having the good sense to allow that appearances discreetly kept up, are necessary to obtain, even the best men, consideration, —lived a life of rigid temperance. Every body knew that he was not rich, but no one guessed that he was poor ; and the young nobles in whose expensive revels he refused to join, always placed his refusal to the account of principle.

Charles really preferred the evening parties of Baroness Ingersdorf, which amused, and cost him nothing, to a destructive acquaintance with dissolute or light women, whose good-humour was to be heightened, and favours purchased by extravagant

gifts.—He detested gaming; he despised drinking: so that excepting a little delicacy in dress, and a compliance with his love of collecting fine drawings, he lived, without expending unprofitably, a single ducat.

Poor Demetrius was not so expert in balancing between parsimony and profusion. He was occasionally asked for forty or fifty rix-dollars by some of his associates, and to deny them, was impossible: he was also, petitioned in the streets by beggars, whose claim on assistance he would not hear questioned; no one could do the slightest service for him, without tasting his bounty; and if he were jested on an unfashionable boot or hat, (not having presence of mind to defend the old servant;) he cashiered it instantly. For to become ridiculous, even in a trifle, was more frightful to him, than to be accused of crimes.

No two men could have less resemblance than these brothers; and yet nothing could be more nicely equal, than the number of their admirers.

Demetrius, had exuberant spirits; but they were more than the common spirits attendant on youth and health. They were part of a vivid character, which was energetic in every thing, and were therefore, always proportioned to the gaiety of the occasion.

Charles, was thoughtful and serious; but his seriousness had a sweetness in it, which excited ten-

derness ; and whenever he became lively, his playfulness was the more valued, on account of its rarity.

Demetrius, was frank to indiscretion ; inconsiderate, impassioned ; loving, and hating, to all appearance with equal violence : still, he never carried his hatred beyond the bounds of simple disgust at sight of its object ; for to injure or to mortify, never entered his imagination.

Charles was somewhat reserved ; not from an uncandid or unsocial spirit ; he was discreet from delicacy. Too tender for extravagant emotions of any kind, love melted, rather than fired him ; and where Demetrius hated, he pitied or despised.—

A talent for poetry, gave Demetrius an acute relish of whatever was beautiful, either in animate, or inanimate nature ; and so coupled were the ideas of moral and physical perfection, in his visionary fancy, that he could never separate them.

Charles, on the contrary, distinctly perceived every grace, and every deficiency ; his genius for drawing, gave him a habit of accurate observation. He was never to be pleased by an agreeable error : truth, and truth only, satisfied him.

Demetrius thought every pretty woman faultless, because his imagination completed, what nature had left unfinished.

Charles was not to be so taken in ; his correct

taste, instantly feeling, and his judgment acknowledging, all that was imperfect.

Those who liked to have their interest excited by the changeful conduct, and careless graces of youth, preferred Demetrius : such as found pleasure in contemplating the mild dignity and tried integrity of manhood, decided for Charles. But every one concurred in admiring their mutual affection.

CHAP. II.

THE brothers were one morning together, when a letter was brought to Charles, which as he opened with some confusion Demetrius quitted his seat, and facing towards the glass, began to settle part of his dress.

“Thou wilt certainly grow a coxcomb, my good fellow !” said Charles, (at last rising and laying his hand upon his brother’s fine hair.)

Demetrius, with a look of alarm, exclaimed—
“Do you really think so.

Charles laughed—“No, on my honour, or I should not have told you of it, so lightly : but to say the truth, you are no indifferent worshipper of your own image : if I may hazard a conjecture on the usual length of your devoirs, from the present specimen.”

“Attribute all the blame to your confounded letter, Charles ! I saw you were forced to spell it, and charitably tender of such dullness, removed myself out of your way.”

“One must not read love-letters before you, I find,” observed Charles.

“Is it a love-letter?—my dear brother, do let me see it.”

“I did not say it was—indeed it is not: and whether it comes from man, woman, or boy, I am completely ignorant:—there it is, when you have read it, I will tell you, all the little I conjecture of its writer.”

Demetrius nearly forgot that he had just thought himself in peculiar good looks that day, and that he meant therefore, to sally forth immediately; he snatched the billet, which was written delicately, in a small hand, without a signature, and read as follows.

“I am more than ever, pleased with you:—your virtues are indeed sterling, since they bear the test of universal admiration. How sincere is the tribute my heart pays you, when I reflect upon the disinterested affection with which you are now guiding the unsteady steps of your brother: I foresee he will one day reward, by resembling his youthful Mentor.

“Continue what you now are: suffer no praise, no consciousness of desert, to banish from your mind the solemn conviction, that all human goodness, stops far short of our divine pattern. It is only by forgetting this, that you can become arrogant.

“I hear of you every where ; and always with honour : let it be your study to preserve this universal esteem. Believe me, you are not the less amiable for being rigidly upright : and receive this assurance from me, that your fine qualities, have secured to you one of the tenderest of hearts.—

Adieu !”

“What I would give, to have such a letter written to me !” exclaimed Demetrius,—“she must be the dearest creature in the whole world,—I haven’t a doubt but that she is as beautiful as an angel,”

“But can’t you conceive the possibility of this ‘dearest creature,’ having whiskers and a bald head,” said Charles smiling, “don’t you think you may have made a trifling mistake in the pronoun?”

“What !—is it a man after all ?—pshaw !—I should not care a rush for the best letter that ever was penned, if it came from a stupid old object of a man.”

“Demetrius !”

There was a tender severity in the voice of Charles as he pronounced his brother’s name, which brought the other, instantly to recollection : he blushed, and ingenuously protested against the levity with which he had spoken. “To be sure,” he added, “praise is sweet, from all good people, whether they be young or old ; but you must allow that it is much sweeter when it proceeds from female

lips? now don't interrupt me Charles; I perceive you are going to say, such praise ought not to be half so valuable, because men, are generally, better qualified to give just reasons for their approbation—true—so they are; but then one is so grateful for a regard that out-runs one's desert!—at least I am—'tis that, makes me love you so well. But come; tell me who this worthy old gentleman is?"

"So now, it is positively an old gentleman."

"Why have you not expressly said so?"—

"No.—I only hinted it as a probability: you may recollect my having said I was ignorant of the writer's sex or age. So now, if your curiosity can be rekindled by the the *chance* of my correspondent's turning out 'a dear creature, as beautiful as an angel,' I will tell you how, and when, and where I received her first favour. But to do that satisfactorily, I must recapitulate the events of many years."

"My dear brother!"—exclaimed the grateful Demetrius, and eagerly seizing a chair, prepared to listen.

Charles was very modest: and the colour deepened in his cheek, as he thus began a regular account of his short, and meritorious existence.

"You know that I was so unfortunate as very early in my career, to loose the prince de E——, from whose friendship I had reason to expect so much; he fell in a duel; just after having taken

me a most improving tour through Switzerland and Italy, and obtained for me the first commission I held under the emperor.--I was then thrown completely upon my own resources; and forced to content myself with the prospect of remaining an obscure individual, all my life.

It would be frivolous to fatigue you now, with a narrative of my petty adventures, during the four following years; they were precisely like other young men's. Sometimes I fancied myself in love, or beloved; sometimes I was persecuted by the advances of other men's mistresses; or was occupied by finding enemies in friends, and friends in enemies. Doubtless, had I not had the blessing of a virtuous education, under the eye of a tender mother, I should have yielded to the temptations around me, and made my desperate prospects, an excuse for rendering them worse. As it was, I had discretion enough to prefer occupation before idleness; sound sleep, before nights of revelry; so I studied, when others sought pleasure; and when our regiment was ordered into service, I made my first campaign in ninety-three, with several advantages.

Books were my recreation; and reflection was the only physician I ever needed; (for, thank heaven, all my indispositions were but the effects of an extravagant sensibility,) my life was not so full of felicity as to make me very careful of it; and so I

rode into action, with some speculative acquaintance with war, a body capable of enduring fatigue, and a heart that feared not death. After one of the severest engagements in which our regiment had shared, so many of the principal officers were killed or wounded, that it became my lot, to head a squadron. By this fortunate chance—(having dauntless Hungarians to command, and happily succeeding in a hazardous attempt, which dislodged the enemy from a very important position,) I attracted the favour of Marshal Wurmser; and the bravery of my gallant countrymen, thus obtained for me the command of a troop.”

“No disqualifying, Charles!” interrupted Demetrius. “If your hazardous attempt had not been well-planned, and likely to succeed, even success would not have saved you from censure. I have learnt enough of military rules, to know that in these cases, a man must never act but upon probabilities. The courage of soldiers, is only a powerful machine, which depends for its usefulness on the hand that directs it: and for this reason public opinion is not unjust, when it decrees superior glory, to commanders.”

“Bravo!”—cried Charles—“your remark is right, and its application so flattering to your brother, that he will not endeavour to disprove it. To proceed therefore. From this period I was frequently entrusted with the execution of partial at-

tacks, observations, &c. &c. which good fortune enabled me to accomplish fully: and having been so lucky as to propose and effect the recapture of a lieutenant-general, who had been surprised by a roving party of French chasseurs, I secured him my friend, and in the year ninety-five, went with him to join the imperial army in Italy.

It was at the close of the foregoing year, when I was lying ill of a flesh-wound, got in the skirmish with the chasseurs, and which for some days, I had not been able to attend to, that I first received a letter from my unknown. Here it is—you may read it,—

TO COUNT LEOPOLSTAT.

“WHILE a whole army are loud in the praises of a young man, not yet one-and-twenty; while the consciousness of desert, intoxicates his senses, and perhaps threatens to make him an arrogant character for life; will he condescend to reflect on the anonymous tribute of mingled caution and eulogium, presented in this letter, by an obscure individual?

“It was my fortune to hear of you, continually, during the last campaigns; I heard of you, not merely as a gallant soldier, but as one, who in spite of misfortune, nobly supported his nobility; and

extorted that consideration by his virtues, which does not often fall to the share of any but the fortunate.

“Your character delighted me--your situation interested me--and I have ever since, followed all your actions, with the most watchful solicitude. In the late exploit, (where with a handful of men, you so completely routed a strong detachment, and not only restored an experienced officer to the service, but preserved the plans of attack which he had about him, from falling into the power of the enemy,) you added a new motive for that admiration, which I am romantic enough, thus to acknowledge.

“So anxious am I, to see you persevere in the magnanimous course of strict integrity which you now tread, that I cannot forbear from thus telling you, that even the most dissolute breathes your name with respect, the most virtuous with enthusiasm: and should you lay aside your self-denial with your obscurity, your modesty with your neglect, believe me, you may fight like a lion, and you will only

“Light a torch to shew your shame the more.”

“Apostates from propriety, like apostates from religion, are ever more abhorred than such as never made a profession of either. Continue then, to think and act as you now do; new virtues will, in

that case, spring up from new circumstances ; and you will remain a memorable instance of sensibility without weakness, valour without rashness, success without insolence, youth without error, graces without vanity, and excellence without enemies.

“Farewell.”

“With this epistle,” resumed Charles, “came a valuable collection of books and maps ; all that you see there, bound so gaily in crimson and gold : they are, indeed, a complete library for a soldier ; some very scarce, all very useful.

“I should dissemble unwarrantably,” he added, (as his brother eagerly asked what impression the letter made upon his feelings) ; “I should falsify truth most notoriously, if I did not own, that it conjured up a good deal of vanity in me. I read it over and over again, and always with the hope of finding some new reason for concluding it to be the production of a woman. To be sure, there was not a single woman whom I wished it to come from ; yet was I puppy enough to desire that there might be some charming creature vastly in love with me, whom I might discover, and love in return, with my whole heart.”

“Nothing could be so natural--nothing could be so natural,” repeated Demetrius, with an ardent sigh. “If it had been me, I should have died of patience to discover her. What a soul ! what

sensibility to excellence ! what judicious admonitions !”

“ Ah ! it was those,” answered Charles, “ that first taught me to suspect that I was deluding myself : the chances were three to four against any young woman in love dictating such a rational epistle. Few persons in love have the sanity to believe, and the courage to tell its object, that they imagine it possible for him to fall short of perfection. I therefore abandoned the solitary post of ‘ I am romantic enough ’ (in which I had, at first, most obstinately entrenched this vain opinion), and betook myself to take the writer’s counsel, instead of agitating my heart with unavailing conjectures.

“ Immediately after this incident, I went to Italy, where I became acquainted with a Saxon officer, who was destined to traverse most of my views.

“ Joseph Wurtzburg was two or three years my senior ; and, without talents of any kind, burnt to be distinguished. As this desire of distinction had its source in a grasping churlishness, which would willingly have admitted no sharer in the distribution of worldly honours, so was it totally incapable of comprehending the real value of actions ; learning to estimate them solely by public praise or public blame. He lived, wishing to be every-th *sl*
yet becoming nothing. *in*

“ By turns, you saw him consumed with a gnawing desire of supplanting a man in the heart of his mistress, or being pronounced a finer figure than his companions, a better dancer, deeper thinker, more active officer ; in short, there was nothing too high, nor too low, for his covetous temper to think above, or beneath its reach.

“ Envy, like a canker-worm, eat into his very heart : those who knew him slightly, called him a gay, good kind of fellow ; such as observed him closely, perceived in him the forced levity of a man in continual ill-humour with himself. I do verily believe, that for himself he united the two extremes of love and hatred ; and preposterously wishing for superiority in all points over others, (for which nature had completely unfitted him), neglected the only point in which perhaps he might have shined—yet, heaven knows, what that was !

“ Being thrown much together in our military stations, he and I became acquainted ; and from the very first moment, I saw he eyed me with dislike. So little did I then dream of the existence of such a character as Wurtzburg’s, that I imputed this dislike to something amiss in myself ; and the next time we met, endeavoured to appear as sociable as I felt. Nothing altered him ; he constantly looked at me with detestation, and spoke to me with bitterness : yet so, that without drawing upon myself the

charge of irritability, I could not notice his conduct.

"The fact was, that as the veteran officers on the Rhine, (thinking a little exaggerated praise might urge me forward to really meritorious achievements), had said far more of me than I deserved, Wurtzburg hated before he saw me: the happy auspices under which I joined the troops in Italy completed this aversion.

"Fortune still favoured me. I continued to obtain the approbation of my generals, and saw myself approaching that promotion for which I panted, simply, because from that alone I could expect opportunities of trying those speculative experiments, from which I hoped my country might reap solid advantage. But here Wurtzburg stepped in, like my evil genius, and for a while darkened my prospects.

"The general, whose liberty I had preserved, and upon whose friendship I had been taught to reckon so confidently, was a relation of Wurtzburg's. He was a well-meaning, weak-headed man; and I quickly perceived that his commendations of me grew every day cooler, his zeal for my advancement slackened; till, at length he ceased to distinguish me from any other person.

"You are well acquainted with the disasters which befel the Austrian army in the campaign of ninety-six. My brain maddens, when I remember

the thousands of gallant soldiers that were absolutely sacrificed by the insanity of General A—g—u: but, thank Heaven, though I shared in the misfortunes of the battle of Montelezoni, I escaped its disgrace.

“ I was in the division commanded by Lieutenant-general Provera; that brave division which, forgotten by the flying A—g—u, was left in the midst of a victorious enemy, without a chance of succour, relying solely upon its own energy.

“ During two nights after the engagement of the main armies, the intrepid Provera endeavoured to effect a retreat by crossing the Bormida; but that river was so swoln by heavy rains that its passage was impossible; and he therefore came to the resolution of fortifying his little army among the ruins of an old fortress, on a neighbouring mountain. There, for two days and nights, completely encircled by the republicans, without provisions of any kind, nay, even without water, and almost hopeless of assistance, we repulsed the assailants. They had insolently summoned us to surrender at discretion; but after having been thrice beaten back with horrid slaughter, and lost three of their generals, they allowed us terms; and we surrendered prisoners of war.

“ This removal of me, was, I am certain, a sincere pleasure to Wurtzburg; but he was not long suffered to enjoy it; we were exchanged, and as

every individual of the brave Provera's brigade partook of the honour due chiefly to himself, I was again congratulated by my brother officers.

"You wonder, perhaps, at my using the word congratulated; yet I have not misused it. Success is not the test of honourable exertion; and a handful of troops, abandoned, isolated in the midst of an army surrounding them on all sides, like the waves of the sea—an army which they baffled, in spite of famine and despair, was, in the eyes of all Europe, an object of respect and admiration. No, Demetrius, I would not give one leaf from the hard-earned laurels of that memorable time, for all the blood-stained wreaths that may hereafter cover the shame of rebels and usurpers.

"No sooner had I rejoined the army, than Wurtzburg came again in contact with me, by his being placed in the same brigade, which was sent to strengthen the garrison of Mantua. About this period, I received a second letter from my unknown; together with the fine ruby, now upon my finger: it is exquisitely cut, and would be inestimable to me, were it only for its representing the great Gonsalvo.

LETTER TO COUNT LEOPOLSTAT.

"I hasten to send you a trifling testimony of the increasing esteem with which I consider you;

though I have been so long silent, I have not thought of you the less. Accept this ring, for the sake of one to whom your virtues have endeared you; not your graceful person, nor still more graceful accomplishments: these can have no weight with me, (though I confess myself so silly as to set some value upon a pleasing exterior,) since I never have seen you.

“ Whenever you look on the head which enriches this gem, let the noble character which made it thus admirable, refresh and animate your present virtues. Like his, your gallant acquirements have already obtained for you, the title of ‘ Prince of the Youth ;’ and like his, your continued magnanimity will ensure to you the name of a hero.*

* Gonsalvo di Cordova, justly denominated the Great, was one of the most celebrated generals of his time. Nature, while forming him, employed so many magnanimous qualities in his composition, that she left no room for weakness. In the midst of a brilliant military career, during which he had achieved the important conquest of Naples, he was suddenly recalled to Spain by an ungrateful master, who envied him that love and admiration, which he suspected might one day be employed for the purposes of traiterous ambition. Disappointed in a long promised honour, and cruelly neglected, Gonsalvo retired to Loxa, where he devoted himself to the study of elegant literature, and the prac-

"Your course in Italy has been uniformly as bright as my heart predicted. I have many military connections; and from them have heard instances of your humanity, far more affecting than all the exploits of valour.

"Amiable Leopold! ever be true to your own principles, and you will carry with you into every situation, the prayers and blessings of such as love goodness. Adieu."

"Say what you please, my dear Charles," exclaimed Demetrius, "yet I'll maintain this sweet, sermonizing epistolarian to be a woman; and if you ever fall in love with any one else, I shall think you have a heart like a bullet."

"That would be passing a terribly-unjust sentence upon my character," returned his brother:

tice of every domestic virtue. At this period, he was consulted by Cardinal Ximenes, upon an expedition to Africa against the Moors. It was then that Gonsalvo proved himself a hero: forgetting private wrongs, in zeal for public good, he roused every power of his soul to produce a plan which was to crown another with glory; he recommended the only general likely to rival his own fame; and when success had consummated the dazzling enterprize, from the depths of solitude he listened with patriotic joy to the shouts of popular applause, greeting his fortunate competitor.

“my heart is indeed touched with very tender gratitude towards this supposed fair ; but as I really cannot persuade myself to become certain that my anonymous is a woman—a young, amiable, delightful woman, I may, perchance, dispose of my affections, after all, in favour of some charming reality. However, to satisfy you, my dear boy, I will own, that always after receiving these letters, I thought for many weeks of nothing but their writer ; wearied my brain with conjectures of who it was, and where they were ; and never met a pair of fine eyes looking at me, without momentarily believing that they belonged to my correspondent.

“In Mantua, where I was shut up for eight months, I thought I had at last discovered my incognita. This lady was a young widow, the niece of the chief ecclesiastic there, and having been early married to a Neapolitan officer, who soon died, had returned to live with her family.

“She was at this time about five-and-twenty, elegant rather than handsome, and exquisitely accomplished. From the moment she distinguished me by particular notice, Wurtzburg fell *enormously* in love with her : it was amusing to see the little contemptible tricks which he used to supplant me, and the arts he essayed to prepossess me against her. Had I been attached to Signora Berghi, such conduct would have exasperated me ; as it was, I laughed at him.

“The uncommon information and delightful conversational talent of this charming woman, beguiled most of the tedious hours, which made up the days, and weeks, and months, wasted in Mantua. I felt a sort of home-like affection for her, and was accustomed to talk with her as with a sister.

“Hitherto, I had never attributed her unrivalled kindness to any other account than a sympathy in our tastes and opinions; but one evening, after an interesting discussion of military events, (for she was surprisingly skilled on this subject), I was accompanying her voice in a favourite song, when finding her hesitate, I looked up, and met her eye, as it rested upon my ring with a very agitated expression; she blushed excessively, and stammering out an excuse, retreated from the instrument.

“At that instant, I scarcely knew whether I was rejoiced or disappointed: to say the truth, I believe I was the latter; for Signora Berghi, with all her excellencies, was not precisely such as a young man of two-and-twenty would wish to find an incognita. This blush, however, was convincing. Without taking time to deliberate, and in such a hurry of spirits that I forgot all caution, I followed her to a sopha, respectfully took her hand in mine, exclaiming—

‘Have I then learned from that amiable blush, what you have hitherto so cruelly concealed from

me?—what I have so long panted to discover! And may I now dare to assure you, that your goodness—your approbation—’

“ Here I lost myself, for I felt as if I ought to have been rather more ardent in my gratitude to a charming woman.

“ Signora Berghi, who could only understand from this that I was in love with her, and had interpreted her blush into a mutual passion, became really beautiful with various emotions, that, embellishing her cheeks and eyes, gave to her whole figure an air of the most touching sensibility: she trembled, sighed, averted her face, and withdrawing her hand, said, softly—‘ And have you indeed wished for this discovery? Till now, I feared that you set no value on my esteem.’

‘ How could you wrong me so? Was it possible for me to read such pure and admirable sentiments; to know myself so partially considered; to wear this sweet remembrancer, and yet not languish to discover the sex and character of my invisible friend, my guardian angel?’

“ I stopped, but received no answer. A deadly paleness succeeded those rich colours which but the instant before had animated her countenance. She pushed me from her, faintly exclaiming, ‘ Ah, there is some fatal mistake!’ While she spoke, she fell senseless on the ground.”

Here Count Leopoldstat sighed repeatedly; and

Demetrius, observing his brother's eyes swimming in tears, cast down his. Charles then proceeded.

"When she recovered, she earnestly demanded an explanation; and as indeed I had already gone too far to recede, I frankly told her the history of my ring. At its conclusion she wept some time without speaking; at length, still keeping her eyes fixed on the floor, she said, with the most affecting gentleness, 'Surely you will be generous enough to acquit me of a forward affection, (even though I have thus explicitly shewn how dear you are to me), when I solemnly protest I am not that happy person, so deservedly interesting; and that consequently, I could find in your first address only the declaration of a mutual preference. Oh, Count Leopoldstat, when we are separated for ever, think of me, not as an indelicate, but too ingenuous woman, whose heart had yielded to your virtues, and now tears itself from them eternally, with the agonies of death!'

"The agonies of death did indeed sit on her pale face, as breaking through my now clasping arms, and gasping convulsively, she rushed out of the apartment. I could not suffer her to leave me thus; but following, and conjuring her to hear me a single instant, at length almost carried her back.

"It would have been criminal in me to have deceived her: I therefore candidly explained what my feelings had been towards her; what they now were, (for they were tender beyond all expression,

and my looks must have been faithless to my soul, if they did not express that tenderness): but it was in vain that I talked to her of love; she answered, that I mistook pity for preference; that though she believed my pity was ever accompanied with respect, and far tenderer than the love of most other men; though it might make her happy, it would not render myself so. She therefore resigned me to the mysterious, and, she hoped, fortunate lot, which seemed destined for me.

“I will not weary your attention, my brother, with all the arguments which, during several interview, I used to this eccentric, admirable woman, but proceed to tell you, that as every interview displayed more accurately the delicacy and sweetness of her character, I became so truly attached to her, so grieved at her incredulity, that I fell ill; and the physician pronouncing the disorder to be on my mind, she was induced to credit my protestations, and blessed me by saying so. Of course, my recovery was immediate.”

“But how came she to blush, when you caught her eyeing the ring?” said Demetrius. “I do suspect, in spite of all her assertions—”

“You are mistaken then,” interrupted his brother. “Wurtzburg, who found out her preference for me, long ere I suspected it myself, desirous, I presume, to have me considered as under engagements to some other woman, had censured my reserve,

and instanced its folly, by my making a mystery of such a trifle as a ring. Of this ring, he said, he had often asked me in vain; adding, that it was most likely the gift of some fair favourite, which solved the riddle of my extreme coldness in praising all other women. During my indisposition, this silly fellow made a passionate declaration to Signora Berghi, which she silenced by declaring our engagements: from that instant, his animosity knew no bounds."

"Well, but, proceed Charles, tell me, how it happens that you have not married this amiable creature?"

Charles now turned very pale; he averted his head, and said, in a suffocated voice, "She was taken from me by death." He then rose, walked to a window, and remained there a long time in silence: when he quitted it, his eyes were heavy and swoln, and the smile which he forced to his lips, parted them but for an instant.

"I'll finish my story another time," he said, hastily, (brushing off with his hand the tears that gathered afresh in his eyes); "let us have a walk."

Demetrius, without trusting his voice to reply, (for sorrow is contagious), rose quickly, and tossing his hair into a thicker shade over his brow, as he put on his hat, followed his brother into the street.

CHAP. III.

THE next time in which the brothers breakfasted alone, Charles resumed his narrative.

“ When I was first suffered to avow myself the lover of Signora Berghi, the situation of Mantua, grew every day more critical: Marshal Wurmser having imprudently thrown himself into that half famished city, with twenty thousand fresh troops, was now, after four months defence, reduced to extremities: each attempt made by the allies, to raise the blockade, had failed: we saw ourselves on the point of either perishing with hunger, or disgracefully capitulating. A dreadful fever raged in the garrison; we were obliged constantly to break the formidable cordon of the enemy, merely to obtain a few provisions, which the environs soon ceased to afford us; and we were fast sinking into despair, when General Provera with a small force, arrived before the French lines.

“ As the command of foraging parties had often been entrusted to me, and as I was therefore,

thought capable of executing a difficult enterprize, with some presence of mind, it fell to my share, to convey intelligence from the Marshal, to General Provera. At some risk, this was effected : and the service being deemed important, both generals promised, unsolicited, that their representations to the Emperor, should obtain for me, the grand cross of Maria Theresa.

“ During this short absence from Mantua, my poor Leonora, (whom I had left ill of the fatal fever; and from whom I parted with a foreboding heart :) grew rapidly worse; and living only to hear that I had succeeded : that the relief of Mantua was almost certain ; that her Charles was about to receive an honourable testimony of his zeal for the service, expired in my arms.

“ The day was just dawning, Demetrius ! when the tumult of musquetry, shouts, and shrieks, announced the hour of the sortie. What were all the emotions of my life, to that which I felt then ?—my character, my honour, my duty, my future peace, were all at stake ! If I were absent, I should be disgraced for ever—if I joined my regiment, the woman I loved, would die deserted !—

“ This distracting conflict, did not continue long : her last sigh struck my ear, and her cold hand suddenly dropt mine. What I felt, what I did at that agonizing moment, I know not : I remember nothing, till a loud burst of artillery, suc-

ceeded by cries of frightful surprize, recalled me to the consciousness of holding her dear body, fast locked in my arms: I pressed it several times to my overcharged heart; motioned for her wretched uncle to receive the precious burthen; and then hurried like a madman into the thick of the engagement.

“Conceive my horror, when I found that I had been repeatedly called for, by my commanding officer; that my squadron was already engaged; and that our cause was desperate!

“During the night, General Buonaparte, (receiving intelligence of Provera’s destination :) had followed him with the utmost celerity, and was now united with the blockading army. What a scene of slaughter ensued! we were in despair,—the enemy, confident: and it was not till the unfortunate, astonished Provera, (obliged to submit to an unforeseen superiority;) had surrendered his remaining soldiers, that we relinquished the contest.

“We were again shut up in Mantua; before which, a victorious and immense force, was now consolidated.

“No sooner did I lay down my arms, and thought to have had a short interval that I might dedicate to the memory of one, whom I shall never forget—O never, never!—than I was summoned to a court martial, and charged with desertion from my post, on the morning of the 14th. My enemies,

(who seized this occasion) were indefatigable in exciting suspicions of my fidelity ; and they so artfully had weaved truth with falsehood in their accusations, that for many hours, my very life seemed at the hazard.—But my defence was so simple and sincere ; the circumstances of my case, were so affecting and peculiar ; my attachment to the general cause, so well ascertained, (by the eminent risks I had run to prosper it, the day before ;) that the sentence passed, was comparatively lenient. I was suspended from all rank, for six ensuing months, and my claim to the Order of Merit, no longer allowed.”—

“ O Heavens ! ”—exclaimed Demetrius, “ How were you able to bear this ?—did you not shut yourself up from every living creature, and almost break your heart, with grief and shame ? ”

“ No Demetrius !—had I deserved censure, I should have sunk under it :—but I knew that every honest heart would acquit me of an intentional breach of duty. Even my judges, pronounced sentence with regret, upon a man, faint with fatigue and anguish, and covered with wounds got in the very scene he was accused of having wilfully deserted.—Commiseration from every auditor followed my sentence : and perhaps your persecuted brother was never so praised, so pitied, so esteemed, as at the instant in which his enemies hoped to have effected his ruin.

“ Before I left the court, I requested permission to serve in the ranks as a volunteer, which was granted me, with great emotion, by the venerable Field Marshal. Since then, he has assured me, that my colonel would have feigned ignorance of my temporary absence, had he not been vehemently pressed with the charge of partiality, by two or three officers; who at length forced him to demand a court martial. The names of these officers, I could never learn: but my suspicions, perhaps unjustly, fell principally upon Wurtzburgh.

“ The surrender of Mantua shortly after this period, separated me entirely, from this cold-blooded fellow. The terms of our capitulation were such as ought to have been demanded by a veteran like Marshal Wurmser; and indeed, his gallant defence and venerable character, wrested admiration from the enemy.—

“ Deprived of all military rank, I joined the army of the Archduke Charles. That young Prince was now come from fields of immortal glory in Germany, to repair, if possible, the errors or misfortunes of the commanders in Italy. Alas! this was not to be done: even by him. The French, (under a man who has all the talents but none of the virtues of a general, who violates treaties and neutralities without regard to the law of nations,) were in possession of every important fortress; and nothing was left the Archduke but a

resolution to defend the passes into Germany, with obstinate bravery.—His line for this purpose, was drawn from the Grisons to the sea; it was linked together by a chain of posts, which formed a barrier between the enemy, and the remainder of our army, then cantoned in Friuli and Carinthia. I had always languished to serve under the Archduke, and I was now insensible to every other desire in this world, save that of gloriously effacing hard disgrace.

“In the sanguinary action of Tarvis, I was so fortunate as to find myself in the heat of battle, by the side of my General, at the very moment in which his horse was shot under him: I instantly threw myself from mine: and while he mounted, disabled a French dragoon, whose sabre was raised to cut him down. The Prince saw the action; and exclaiming—‘My brave fellow, I will not forget you.’—charged furiously through the field.

“He kept his word. When the engagement was over, he enquired for the hussar, to whom he generously declared himself indebted for life; and recognizing him in me, promised to promote me to a majority, so soon as the period of my suspension from military rank should be rigidly fulfilled.

“The decrees of courts martial, are never to be reversed; and I know that severe justice demanded some expiation of my offence. At the

and of the time I speak of, I was restored to my former station; and immediately afterwards was presented by the Prince with a major's commission, and the Order which I now wear. Ah! how did the sight of it, wring my heart! when it was first promised me—Leonora, the tender Leonora—but why do I thus recall her —

“When our troops were in the neighbourhood of Hundsmarck, the wife and niece of Baron Ingersdorf were on the point of falling into the enemy's hands. A dangerous illness had confined the Baroness some weeks to her country-house; and the march of both armies was too rapid, to allow, her attendants time to learn the necessity of removal. Prince Charles, anxious to preserve these ladies from the horror of captivity, strenuously urged the Baroness to quit the place in a litter, and to trust herself to the protection of a troop of hus-sars, which I offered to conduct.—His advice was gratefully accepted: and after a swift journey, during which we had a sharp contest with a party of French horse, we had the happiness of delivering our fair charges, into the hands of the Baron himself. From that hour, he became my sincerest friend.”

“I hear nothing of your anonymous, all this while!” cried the impatient Demetrius.

“True,” replied Charles, “I neglected to tell you, that when I was in Mantua, and immediately

after quitting it, I received two letters: it will be as well not to read the last now. The subject is a sad one; yet the manner in which it is alluded to, does honour to the writer's heart, and soothed mine.—I was too unhappy a man, at that time, to require caution against folly; and the Unknown tenderly forbore from saying any thing that was foreign to my grief. However, I was strengthened under mortification and sorrow, by receiving an assurance in this letter, that my extraordinary situation, and the sentence of the court martial, were the talk of all Vienna; and that so far from suffering by such discussion, I became interesting to every one.—

“Here is the singular epistle which reached me in Mantua just before my heavy loss.”

Demetrius perused its contents with surprize.

TO COUNT LEOPOLSTAT.

“ONLY a few weeks ago, it was my intention to have made myself known, at this period; but an unforeseen, perplexing circumstance, delays this discovery, and you are now on the point perhaps of destroying my dearest views.

‘I hear you are going to marry.—If it be true, and if the happy woman, be as deserving of your

heart, as report says she is, I will stifle that selfish regret which I am too honest to deny feeling.—

‘Disappointed as I am, I promise to disclose myself hereafter: and ever, ever to remain your friend, though deprived of all hope of becoming your’

“A most singular letter indeed!” he exclaimed—“what did you think of it Charles?”—

“I scarcely know what,” returned his brother; “it seemed to me as if the fair writer had designed me the honour of her hand; and yet I could hardly reconcile such an explicit declaration, with my ideas of female delicacy.

“I certainly revolved the subject over, many times, with great anxiety, and I fear, also, with some regret, that this discovery had been so long delayed. I will not dissemble with you Demetrius—(though at the time, I certainly deceived myself) Signora Berghi, amiable, accomplished, as she was, did not warm my heart, to that delightful excess, I knew it capable of.

“My nature is, I think, inaccessible to vanity; but it is weakly tender; and no virtuous woman ever loved me yet, without creating in me so much gratitude, as to make me a little in love with her.

“Had Providence destined me to be the husband of Leonora, I should have spent my life hap-

pily with her ; yet not *so* happily as I might have done with some other woman—this incognita perhaps.”

“ This incognita, I hope,” said Demetrius, “ she must, she shall reward you, at last. If she prove of great rank, extraordinary rank, as I suspect, you may easily account for her romantic frankness.

“ You smile—well—go on with your narration.”

“ I have little more to say of the campaign,” resumed Charles : “ while the commissioners were treating for Leoben, the armies lay nearly inactive ; and before the end of the year ninety-seven, the definitive treaty released us from severe discipline : after which, I repaired to Vienna.

“ Attracted by every thing estimable and delightful, I had often visited Baron Ingersdorf’s house, when one morning after breakfast, he thus addressed me.

‘ You and I, my dear count, are now sufficiently acquainted to wave all ceremony : I therefore freely tell you, that I am peculiarly interested in your future fortune ; and having some influence, pledge myself, from this hour, to serve you in any one way which you can point out, or I accomplish. My wife and niece owe you everlasting thanks ; and it must now be my task to prove that we all think so ; though never with the hope of liquidating our debt.’

“ I was going to protest against this exaggera-

tion of a simple act of military duty, when he interrupted me.

‘Come, come, you must allow me to be a fairer judge of your merits and demerits than yourself. I have canvassed the latter for some weeks, and do not find them so very frightful as to prevent me from saying, henceforth use this house as if it were the house of your nearest relative; make it your home, whenever such a home seems agreeable; and rely upon a friendship, which, having gratitude and esteem for its basis, will never fail you, unless they perish.’

“What was said by me, in reply to such undeserved goodness, I know not; but I did stammer out a heap of tumultuous expressions, proving that oratory at least, was not among my qualifications.

“The baron re-assured me, by cordially pressing my hand.

‘There is one thing more I have to add,’ he continued: ‘you are young, and probably susceptible; my neice, good and beautiful; if you see her often, and discover those endearing virtues which are too much obscured by invincible diffidence, you may perchance fall in love with her: it is this I would warn you against.’

“Here my indignant features became scarlet; the Baron, without allowing me time to speak, hastened on.

‘I see you misunderstand me. Believe me,

there is not a man in the world to whom *I* would so joyfully give Adelaide as yourself; but she is not mine to give.

‘ When Adelaide was quite a child, her mother died; after which event, my poor brother, who is one of the best men in life, and one of the strangest, found consolation in nothing but his affection for this girl. She was educated in the convent of which our sister is abbess; and never quitted that retirement till a month before you saw her. My brother, whose estate in Bavaria joins the lands of the convent, had been so accustomed to the society of his daughter, that it was with difficulty she obtained his leave to become my wife’s nurse, when the physician ordered her to Hundsmarck, and with still greater difficulty obtained permission to winter it with us here. This concession was made by him, after having premised several restrictions; the principal of which is—a careful watch over her heart. Adelaide has been engaged, from the age of fifteen, to the son of a man, from whom my brother professes to have received the most signal service. Of course, we should not interfere with a parent’s views; and Adelaide is herself too warmly attached to her father, and too strict in her notions of duty and delicacy, to make me afraid of trusting her, even with you, after my having thus appealed to your honour.

‘ Perhaps this may be a useless, and therefore

tedious, detail to you, my dear Leopoldstat; yet my conscience would not have been quiet, had I not made it. I have uniformly reprobated those parents and guardians, who permit complete intimacy between amiable young people, and then are enraged at finding mutual good qualities have produced mutual affection; and I am consequently bound to avoid the conduct which I censure.'

'How just are your conclusions! how admirable your sentiments, my dear lord!' I exclaimed, charmed with his generous frankness, 'this is the strongest proof you have yet given me of your friendship. Be assured, that even were I not what I am—a poor soldier of fortune; such benevolent anxiety for my peace would not be lost on me. As it is: my peculiar destiny renders presumption impossible—yet Mam'selle de Ingersdorf is not to be beheld with indifference.'

"At the latter part of my speech, the Baron laughed so heartily, that he utterly disconcerted me—'I see you are to be trusted! he cried with his usual gaiety, that grave cold compliment, so awkwardly delivered, convinces me, that my poor Adelaide would have stood no chance at any rate;—that, if she gives her heart to you, after all, it will be unsought even by a single civil sigh. Well! 'tis all as it should be: learn now to treat her as a sister; and her attentive kindness (being no longer liable to misinterpretation) will soon prove to you,

that her uncle is not partial.'—here ended our discourse.—

“From this period Baron Ingersdorf constantly treated me with the most flattering regard, consulted me on his own private concerns; and learnt from me in return, the history of my life. He is now engaged in an endeavour to restore us part of our lost inheritance, which he suspects to be reclaimable: and it is to him, that we are indebted for almost every valuable connection we possess in Vienna.”—

“And pray what has become of that vile wretch Wurtzburgh!” asked Demetrius.

Charles smiled: “I hope he is undeserving of such a decisive epithet as that. You must remember, Demetrius, that all the malice I have perhaps too hastily laid to his charge, was never proved: the evidence was merely presumptive. Possibly a year may have wrought wonderful alteration in him; for I met him unexpectedly, two days ago, as I was passing Prince Eugene’s palace, and he returned my salutation with such politeness that it amazed me. Some person told me since, that he has got the command of a regiment.”—

“A regiment! such a churl have a regiment?”—vehemently interrupted Demetrius—“but hang him! what is it to us?—do let me read that letter again—the last, I mean:—my dear Charles, I’ll keep such a look-out for you! it will be impossible

for me to see your incognita without knowing her by instinct. ‘The tenderest of hearts,’—Ah! that is her’s of course,—what a sweet woman!”

“It is not my intention to fall in love as monarchs marry, by proxy;” said his brother, “therefore my good boy, let me beseech you not to volunteer so very useless a service.

“Come—we have talked away half the morning, and have not yet paid our respects at M. de Ingersdorf’s.”

Demetrius snatched up his hat, seized Charles by the arm, and hurried him along the streets with as much rapidity as he harangued.

CHAP. IV.

THE Baroness Ingersdorf was a passionate admirer of the arts ; and her mornings were usually passed in a magnificent saloon, denominated her work-room, to which she admitted only select friends, while she plied the modelling-sticks, or the chissel, with equal vileness.

Nothing could be more surprizing, than to see her there, surrounded by antique statues of infinite beauty ; to hear her descant upon proportion, grace, expression, form ; to observe her judging accurately of others performances, even at the time in which she was shaping some hideous mass, out of clay or marble, calling it a bust, and looking at it, with exultation.

Charles pretended to no skill in modelling ; but he drew like a master ; and his spirited sketches, were often made in the work-room of the Baroness. It was her passion to have him drawing near her, while she was engaged on some piece of sculp-

ture, and Demetrius singing or reading by snatches as the momentary humour dictated.

It is notorious, that a female artist, speaks to a man of his person with the greatest freedom : the Baroness therefore had assured Charles a thousand times, that he had indisputably “the finest head in the world,”—“The most noble contour ;” she had modelled his bust, alternately for an Apollo, a Scipio, a Cyrus ; and was now condemning him again to fresh torture, having just discovered that he, his brother, and her niece, would make a glorious groupe, of Hector, Andromache, and Paris.

“I had rather sit on your knee for Astyanax,” muttered Demetrius to Adelaide, in a tone of mingled mirth and pique : Demetrius had a bitter contempt for poor Paris : the Baroness overheard him—laughed, and persevered.—

Whenever the brothers were not on duty, or engaged in study, they went to Baron Ingersdorf’s : perfect liberty was allowed to every one thus domesticated ; and if one of them would but “sit” to the Baroness, the other might converse with Adelaide, while she worked or practised the harp.

So familiarized, Demetrius saw a multitude of charms in Mam’selle de Ingersdorf, which her first impression, had not led him to expect. She was indeed made up of all the gentle elements ; and naturally cheerful, displayed a sportive ease in her discourses with him, which she never ventured

with Charles. Demetrius admired her so much, that Charles at length felt strangely alarmed and warned him of her engagements: the other, jested him on this fear; for he was heart-whole.

The birth-day of Adelaide was celebrated by her relations, with great splendour. On the day which made her twenty, all the beauty and fashion of Vienna, were collected to offer congratulations.

The Hungarian brothers, were among the first who entered these gay saloons, which were laid out to represent the gardens of Armida.

Bowers of rose and almond trees, groves of orange and myrtle, sheets of mirror so contrived as to appear like water flowing through woody banks and at last lost among their windings, marble fountains, mossy glades, starry lights twinkling through thick foliage, music breathing from the flutes of unseen performers, distracted admiration, till the Ball-room absorbed every sense.

It was formed into one stupendous grotto, almost blinding the gazer, with its glittering spars, crystals, corals, and alabaster: a choir like that which mens' feeble imagination supposes in Heaven, sang beneath its lofty arch; while perfumes sweet and refreshing, alternately grew and faded upon the air.

For some days before, the brothers had taken no inconsiderable share in assisting the lovely Adelaide to create this scene of enchantment; they con-

sequently, contemplated its effect, with peculiar pleasure : but it was annihilated to Charles, when advancing to Mam'selle de Ingersdorf, he saw on her bosom a miniature of her father, which he had recently copied from a large portrait, and surprized her with, in the morning. This compliment was the more flattering, as it was the only ornament out of many with which she had been then presented, that she chose to wear. For a long time, after entering the ball-room nothing was to be heard, save bursts of admiration from the company, which began to crowd the apartments : at length Charles and Demetrius, (who were talking together among some thick laurels ;) unintentionally overheard the following sentences.

“ And—pray tell me, my dear girl who the young officer is, that was disentangling your dress, from a bush, just as I entered?—I never saw so handsome a creature in my life—what love-lighted eyes !”—

“ Yes, he is very handsome : but surely not so much so as his brother?—It was count Demetrius of Leopoldstat.”

The brothers were equally confused at these remarks : each, wandered in his discourse ; each, grew scarlet ; and each with an agitated heart, moved abruptly away. As Charles did not turn round to discover the speakers, Demetrius dared not : but Charles, knew the voice that had praised

him, too well to require the aid of his eyes ; and the first strong pulse of vanity, beating violently in the breast of Demetrius, made him fearful that Charles would discover it, and despise him.

It happened, that as they emerged from the shade, they met the fair speakers. Mam'selle de Ingersdorf introduced Demetrius to Madame de Fontainville, in a manner which shewed her unconscious of what she was doing : for certain that she must have been overheard, she now talked as much incoherent nonsense, as the brothers had done, a moment before.

Charles was so absorbed in wondering at, and detesting the vanity, to which he attributed his present delirium, that he neglected to observe Demetrius, when he first beheld the Beauty of Vienna ; and poor Demetrius, was already "Gone ages in love."—

A mussulman might have been excused, had he taken Madame de Fontainville for one of the Houries.—Her skin was of a dazzling whiteness, which gradually kindled into a rich crimson upon her cheek : her large, soft, black eyes, were half closed beneath brows of the finest arch ; and her small, vermilion mouth, lost itself in dimples. To this was added a figure, which had attained that luxuriant perfection of shape and fullness, scarcely desirable at three and twenty ; for even the admirers of dimpled hands and shoulders, must foresee, that

such beauty, (like a rose prematurely blown which scatters its leaves, as quickly as it expanded them;) will shortly lose its exquisiteness. A robe of black velvet, and a profusion of very rich pearls amongst her silken hair, seemed purposely chosen, as if the wearer meant at once to contrast and match her own delicate whiteness.

While every gazer did homage to such a world of perfection, the heart of Charles secretly worshipped that very bashfulness which obscured the lovely Adelaide. Her soft olive complexion, though warm with native bloom, was less dazzling than if it had been fair; and her uncommonly brilliant eyes, timidly cast upon the ground, lost the advantage of their brightness. A gentle confusion closed those lips, which never parted but to reveal snow-white teeth; and wearing nothing peculiar, drapery simple, yet graceful, she moved under a thin floating veil, without many persons observing that her figure was admirable. Her's were the touching charms of twilight; Madame de Fontainville's, the blaze of day.

It would be vain to describe all the enchanting pleasures which were this night varied to infinity, under the roof of Baron Ingersdorf: every one seemed to have put on their best humour with their best attire; and smiling eyes, dimpling cheeks, cheerful voices, united with taste and wealth to leave nothing imperfect.

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The supper consisted solely of rare wines, fruits, and delicacies, so shaded by flowers, or formed into such deceptive shapes by moulds of jelly, that nothing gross enough for mortals, was discoverable by the eye: the crystal dishes were made to represent icicles; and the table was spread in a circular room carpetted with green velvet, and transformed by the magic pencil of Charles, into the panorama of an extensive landscape.

During the time of waltzing, Count Leopoldstat saw, with some disquiet, that Demetrius had Madame de Fontainville for a partner, and that the countenances of each were lighted up with unusual animation. When others changed partners, they still danced together: this was observed to him, with great levity, by a young foreigner, and it prompted him to whisper his brother, that it was improper to dance the whole evening with the same lady. Demetrius soon afterwards selected another.

Mam'selle de Ingersdorf had danced only twice; first with one of the Archdukes, and then with Charles: the latter now sat down beside her, to make observations on the company.

"Though I have seen the beautiful De Fontainville, as she is termed, a hundred times," said he, "I have never asked whether she be wife or widow, German or French: pray, which is she?"

"All of them, I think," replied Adelaïde: "her father is a Frenchman; he was envoy at this court

many years, during which he married a Saxon lady, who died in giving birth to their daughter."

"Well?"

"Well!" re-echoed Adelaide, turning her brilliant eyes with a little archness on him; "so, you can find me nothing better to do, in a ball-room, than to give you a history of the prettiest woman in it? However, I'll satisfy you.

"When her father returned to France, Zaire de Liancour married Monsieur de Fontainville, who, I fear, was never very agreeable to her; for he was a man of violent passions and a narrow mind: he took an active share in the Revolution, and the murder of its august victim; after which, she immediately parted from him. She and her father emigrated in ninety-two, and now live here in very good style, upon an estate of her mother's."

Charles would scarcely allow Mam'selle de Ingersdorf to finish this detail; he pleaded her implied rebuke of his want of gallantry, as a reason why she should give him her hand in another dance; protesting that if she had not attributed his forbearance to respectful timidity, she had wronged him so grievously, as to be compelled by justice to make him reparation.

"Well, well," she replied, (blushing at his earnestness, yet with an increasing gaiety, which spoke increasing pleasure), "if you'll suffer me to rest awhile, I will repair my fault."

She then proceeded to inquire the Count's opinion of Madame de Fontainville's person.

"I should have admired it a vast deal more," he said, "had I seen less of it. You smile incredulously—believe me, I don't say this to compliment you upon a style of dress so opposite; though if I were to say all that I think upon that subject—"

"You shall say nothing about me," interrupted Adelaide.

Charles smiled and bowed.

"Well then—I think Madame de Fontainville *perfectly beautiful*: but though I confess she does not in the least look as if she were destitute of sense and sensibility, still she does not appear as if she had much of either quality; beauty, faultless beauty, is all that she impresses on one's mind. I long to see those melting eyes sometimes change their character—to see them look as if she were thinking; to observe her complexion vary a little, awakening that tender interest which bloom, assailable by sickness and sadness, rouses in the breast of man. (I am not to be captivated by mere externals: I prefer eyes that make one forget their brightness in the brighter intellect transmitted through them; cheeks, that grow lovelier while gazed on; and a shape, whose chief graces are displayed by accident. In fact, I am grown so old I believe, as to prefer moral beauty before every other species; and to think no woman lovely, whose countenance does not appear to me,

‘the transparent covering’ of amiable and admirable qualities.”

“Ah, then, you would be pleased with Princess Constantia,” exclaimed Adelaide. “I hope she will be here to night! So youthful, so pretty, so playful, so endearing, yet so intelligent! Had it not been my fortunate lot to possess her friendship from infancy, I should have desired it passionately, the very first moment I beheld her.”

“I have often heard you speak of this charming Princess,” observed Charles, “and with such enthusiasm as to thaw a little of my usual indifference to strangers. You expect her to night, then? I thought she was still in Italy.”

“She arrived this morning. But, come!” Adelaide added, (with a persuasive smile) “I must not suffer you to retain an unjust opinion of Madame de Fontainville: it is true, I know very little of her; but quite enough to authorize me in chiding your severity. By the way, let me tell you, my worthy friend, that your determined hostility to beauty is a very heinous fault; and that if you continue thus to look at pretty women, with a resolution to find them disagreeable, you will frighten them into being so.”

“No such thing, sweet Adelaide,” replied Charles, apprehensively hesitating, “the most charming woman I know, is also the most beautiful.”

There was an expression in his voice and countenance, as he timidly uttered this heart-felt com-

pliment, which forced Adelaide to apply it properly: she affected to treat it with levity, laughed, and cried, "Excellent!" while her cheeks burnt, and her eyes sunk under his.

"Since I came to Vienna," she hastily resumed, "Madame de Fontainville sat to my aunt for a head of Cleopatra (that unfortunate bust which your laughter-loving brother quizzed so violently); and in these quiet visits displayed a very great portion of sensibility: almost too much, I fear, for her own comfort. Excessive tenderness, unaccustomed to restraint, unused to leave the choice of its objects to reason, is, in my opinion, the heaviest misfortune, that——" Adelaide stopped abruptly, exclaiming—"Here comes Constantia!"

Leopolstat now turned his observation upon a fair creature of seventeen, who entered from the gardens. She was delicately attired in white satten, which, by its soft folds, faintly shadowed out the form of her finely-rounded limbs: except a white Provence rose that was scarcely to be distinguished from the panting bosom on which it rested, and a garland of the same flowers, binding up her auburn hair, she was destitute of ornament.

Advancing with the apprehensive lightness of a fawn, she addressed Adelaide; and her sweet youthful voice convinced Charles she was destined to be beloved.

Princess Constantia was not perfectly be^onⁿd^l

but her lovely shape was a promise of future excellence, and its thousand graces prevented all criticism. She had blue eyes that alternately expressed the tenderest of hearts, and the most intelligent of minds ; and an ingenuous smile which changed admiration into affection.

When the friends had exhausted congratulations, Charles was presented to the Princess. At the sound of his name, her cheeks took a brighter red, she darted on him a quick glance of inquiry and pleasure, repeating in a delighted tone, "Count Leopoldstat! —I am very happy to see you at last, after so long wishing—" She stopped abruptly, blushed, cast down her eyes, and a sweet fearfulness banished her gaiety.

For a single instant, Charles lost himself in the suspicion that she was his incognita. Captivated by her unaffected loveliness, his brain grew giddy, and he had not power to dissemble the feeling which suddenly animated all his features ; but while his eye devoured every expression of her face, he met an amazed look from Adelaide, which recalled his senses, and the illusion vanished. Constantia was a girl of seventeen, and his incognita had written to him during five years : the thing, therefore, was impossible.

He smiled at his own folly ; resumed his tranquillity ; and marvelled how he could have embraced the error with such warmth.

The princess having been lately ill, was not suffered by her aunt to dance ; so that Adelaide excused herself to Charles, at the same time inviting him to be of their party in a walk through the saloons. During this promenade, his graceful gentleness so entirely restored Constantia to ease and sprightliness, that she turned every object they passed, into subjects for pleasantry : yet this was done with such innocent mirth, that no one could find in it a particle of ill-nature.

The young Princess of Nuremberg was indeed a rare creature. There was a little girlish simplicity in her manner, which preventing fools from being awed by the occasional penetration of her look, made her equally amiable to the wise and unwise : without intending it, she always charmed, by her desire to make others do so ; for, possessing an instinct, as it were, of whatever would be most consonant to the tastes or feelings of her associates, she immediately fell in with their humour, and made it her aim to draw forth their best endowments. Naturally playful, but never excessively lively, she amused unceasingly, and delighted instead of fatiguing ; it was her happy destiny to endear, even while she entertained : indeed, her archness had ever a softness in it, which flattered the person to whom it was directed, with this idea, that she had their pleasure for her object, rather than her own gratification.

Leopoldstat, as he slowly turned his admiring

eyes from her to Mam'selle de Ingersdorf, and remembered Madame de Fontainville, (for she was in another part of the assembly) secretly commented on the whimsical chance which had thus shewed to him in one evening, three specimens of beauty, so perfect, yet so different. He then thought of Demetrius, whom he had not seen for some time, and sincerely wished that he might not be still with Madame de Fontainville.

Princess Constantia retired before supper with her aunt. Just as she was giving Charles her hand to conduct her to her carriage, a smile moved her blooming cheeks, "like roses, when their leaves are gently stirred with the wind," and she whispered him—"I know young men are apt to be abominably vain, and to construe every silly action into an offering to their conceit; so I must explain to you, Count, why I longed to see you (which confession, to be sure, slipped out of my lips without my intending it); why I blushed when I *did* see you, and looked so prodigiously silly. I longed to see you, first, because my brother has told me as many wonders of your achieving, as were ever done by the English Guy of Warwick; and secondly, because numbers of folks told me, I was as like Count Leopoldstat as a sister. Now I always colour whenever I am taken by a pleasant surprize; no wonder then, that I should do so when you were introduced to me."

A graceful bow prefaced Charles's answer."

"I am afraid your Highness has chosen the worst way imaginable for laying my vanity. This flattering solicitude to be understood, makes me believe—I hope not presumptuously—that Princess Constantia is willing I should respect and admire her."

"She would willingly *deserve* to be respected and admired by all men like Count Leopoldstat," was her gracious reply.

Charles bowed again, and a deeper colour glowed through his brown cheek: yet was there no undue explanation given by his thoughts to Princess Constantia's ingenuous speech.

"I suppose it is my brother, who has the honour of being considered like your Highness," said Charles, as they approached the grand staircase.

"I hope so," was her gay answer; "for I do protest, that though your complexion is vastly becoming for a soldier, it would not be quite so *apropos* in a court lady."

Charles laughed; so did she; and her aunt inviting him to the Nuremberg Palace, they were hastening down stairs, when their steps were arrested by the sound of a voice, sweeter than those gales, which flowing over Arabia Felix, waft the perfume of the rose, and the song of the nightingale, mingled together. Princess Constantia's bright eyes, flashing with sudden delight, were rivetted on the half-

open door, from whence these sounds proceeded : she did not therefore observe the burning glow which gradually spread over the face of Leopolstat, as he listened with a disturbed heart, to the impassioned voice of his brother. That voice, evidently addressing its seductive language to Madame de Fontainville, seemed breathing the very soul of love into the air which bore it towards Charles. Blushing at its contagious influence, he stood silently attentive to the following stanzas :

I.

Turn, turn those eyes, whose dewy light
Spreads tender languor o'er my soul ;
Whose orbs, like evening Vesper bright,
Thro' mists of melting softness roll.
Ah ! turn those eyes, for now, they dart
Resistless lightning thro' my heart.

II.

Hide, hide those lips, that smiling meet,
Vermeil and warm as sunny fruit ;
Thro' which thy breath, ambrosial sweet,
Coldly denies my ardent suit :
Hide, hide those lips, for pity's sake !
They tempt the kiss I dare not take.

Fortunately, both ladies retired from the door, at the song's conclusion, without speaking ; for how could they venture to admire a performance, which united passionate tones with passionate words ?

Charles saw them into their carriage ; and returning up stairs, was about to enter the room where Demetrius was, when an unseasonable commission from the Baroness (who hastily passed him), carried him back to the dancing-room. How would his mortification at this have been increased, had he guessed that Demetrius had not merely applied his glowing song to the bewitching Zaire, but rapidly composed it, while another person was singing.

CHAP. V.

WHEN the brothers met the next morning, at breakfast Charles inquired what Demetrius thought of Princess Constantia of Nuremberg.

“ I never saw her.”

“ You must have seen her : it is impossible for any one to overlook so sweet a creature.”

“ Well then, I saw, without knowing her. Was it that fine woman in the Turkish dress ? or that Spanish-looking girl that danced with Stzarray ? ”

“ Neither. She was in white sattin, with flowers through her hair : and came into the ball room two hours before supper, but she did not sup.”

“ O then, I never saw her ; for I was not among the dancers all that time.”

“ Where were you then ? ”—

“ With Madame de Fontainville.--Charles ! she sings more exquisitely than you can conceive ; and upon my saying how much I loved music, some one proposed a singing party ; so we went into that little cabinet, which leads off the grand

staircase towards the back of the palace, and then she sang me all Signora ——'s songs in the last opera."

"So then, you were the whole evening with Madame de Fontainville! and pray what sort of a companion did you find her? Agreeable?"—

Thrown off his guard by the assumed carelessness with which Charles asked this question, Demetrius, burst forth into such a rhapsody of praise and transport, as completely appalled him: Charles was silent awhile; at length regarding the animated Demetrius, with a look made up of pity and fear, he said gently—

"Demetrius! you have more dependence upon your own heart, than I should have on mine, if ever you trust yourself again in so dangerous a situation."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, that Madame de Fontainville's beauty is enchanting enough to make a man forget she has a husband; she has French manners also, which too often awaken hopes that ought to be impossible. Take my advice then, avoid her society, as I sincerely believe I should have done, had her avowed admiration, fallen to my share."

"What! avoid a virtuous woman, merely because she is married and charming:—why Charles, your virtue is rather that of a monk than a soldier,

if it consists in flying from danger instead of resisting it."

"No bad virtue either my dear boy. I know what the passions are at nineteen; I know that you must be superior to all human weakness, if you are not at this very instant delirious with gratitude, admiration, and expectation. (Charles as he spoke, averted his head, that he might not see the blood plead guilty through the cheek of Demetrius.) Madame de Fontainville has decidedly expressed the liveliest praise of your figure; and she has tacitly avowed as much of your manners, by devoting herself to you, the whole of yesterday evening: you think her the loveliest woman in the world: now, if you can stand this first attack, made at once upon your vanity and your senses; if you can drink long draughts of beauty and admiration, without becoming intoxicated; and can drive your warmest passions to the very edge of ruin, and yet there stop them, I pronounce you a greater hero, than Scipio."

"Heavens! my dear Charles, what frightful phantoms do you conjure up, about my talking five or six hours, to a most delightful woman, who probably does not care whether I am at this instant, above or below ground."

"You don't suspect her of such indifference; I'll be sworn you do not:" returned Charles, (an encouraging smile tempering the seriousness of his

eyes ;) “come, be sincere with your brother ; own to him that you think she distinguished you very particularly ; and that it would not terrify you, if she were free at this moment, and doomed to become your wife ?”

“I should be shockingly ungallant if it did :” exclaimed Demetrius laughing, “however, I’ll not dissemble with you Charles : I am certainly abominably vain, for I was last night elevated out of myself, by Madame de Fontainville’s attentions ; and thought a heap of silly things : but none, none on my honour, that had the slightest criminality in them.--You must allow me a little harmless indulgence of my vanity.”--

“What ! at the expense of her peace, herhaps ?” --interrupted the Count, “after your flatteries, or frequent society, have alienated her heart from its nuptial vow ; in short, when you have made her in love with you, you will end your sport, and call it harmless. *Fire, fie, Demetrius !*”

Demetrius strove to disguise his vexation under the mask of levity ; “pshaw !” he cried, “in love with a boy like me ! ridiculous !”

“Possibly I am too serious,” rejoined Charles, after a pause, “but you must pardon me, brother, in consideration of the experience I have had of what vanity may lead to. You may think these cautions very premature ; but I profess myself one

of those physicians who deal more in preventives than cures."

"Yes; but my dear fellow, you would not flay a man alive, with blisters and cataplasms, or physic him to death with pills and boluses, when he is in sound health?—You would not deny me my dinner, because I *might* eat myself into an apoplexy; would you?"

"You are excellent I know, at the ridiculous, Demetrius, and I never dare enter its lists with you. All I shall now venture to add, is this: keep a watch over your heart: never forget that Madame de Fontainville is married; and that situated as she is, her reputation is more delicate than that of a single girl. Recollect also, that though to make a woman guilty, is the most heinous of crimes, to make her unhappy is a crime also; and that no plea of indulging 'harmless vanity,' will silence your conscience, when it has to reproach you, either with the loss of her peace, or of her character."

"Ah!—you are so completely master of yourself," cried Demetrius, with a loud sigh, "so nice a weigher of possibilities and improprieties, and such matters, that I fear—I shall never be like you. Consider my dear, dear Charles, this is the very first time I was ever admired!"

"Not the *first* time, I am confident," replied Charles, kindly taking the hand that was stretched

forth to him, "other women have admired you as much as Madame de Fontainville, I dare say, but were too discreet to express it."

"O! if it's only a 'dare say,'" cried Demetrius, shrugging up his shoulders; "but you shall be satisfied. I was to have met Madame de Fontainville at the opera to-night, and I will not go."

The smallest concession from a beloved person, was always sufficient to endanger the wisdom of Charles: his tender heart, overflowing with the belief of this sacrifice, being greater to Demetrius than it really was, would have annihilated all the foregone admonition, had not the fortunate entrance of a servant with a note, put an end to their dialogue. The billet presented, contained these words.

TO COUNT LEOPOLSTAT.

"If the brave Charles, will be this night, as the clock strikes twelve, at the great gate of the church of St. Josephine, he will there meet a veiled woman who will conduct him to one, *long interested in his happiness*; one, who has a discovery to make, which she trusts will prove far from unwelcome."

"Now is your time to impose mortification upon me!" said Charles, holding out the note to his brother; "retort if it seem right to you, my dear boy,

and be assured that I will stifle both vanity and curiosity, the instant you bid me."

"I would not bid you, for the universe!" exclaimed Demetrius (when he had run over the letter) "It is from your Unknown!—Surely, you make no hesitation about going?"

"If I thought it were indeed my Unknown!" answered the other, half breathless with eagerness; but no—no—I deceive myself:—yet stay; though the hand is not the same—the seal."—

He stopped, and examined the wax attentively. Some impression had evidently been made upon it, which seemed to have been afterwards pressed on, with the finger; yet parts remained, out of which, either Charles's eye, or his fancy formed fragments of a seal that had always been complete on the letters from his Incognita.—He communicated this to his brother, whose sight being spectacted by credulity, soon discovered a whole eagle where Charles only saw the beak of one; and every word of a motto, of which no other human being could have described a single letter.

No sooner had this conjecture ripened by degrees from possibility to probability, and thence, to certainty, than Demetrius began guessing about the lady's rank, age, beauty, and merit; drew a portrait of her person, as confidently as if he had seen her; and betted boldly, that Charles would be her husband in a month.

“Nay, my dear fellow!” he gaily added, “I’d have you take notable care of yourself; for it would not surprize me at all, if this sweet romantic fair, were to have a Divine in the house, and make sure of you this very evening. Now don’t be too sublime, Charles, forgive a little eccentricity for the sake of much affection; and don’t insist upon the poor girl loving you with and without reason at the same moment. For my part, Love like ‘Charity covers a multitude of sins;’ and I only wish, some good kind of body, would take pity upon me, and pick my pocket, of my heart: for I’m confoundedly tired of its heaviness, and desire nothing more fervently, than to get it agreeably off my hands.”—

“What a fund of mischief, and misery perhaps, lies under this rattle of yours!” observed Charles. “Ah, Demetrius, Demetrius! you know nothing of what you wish.—However, if you are really under such a pressing necessity to disburthen yourself of your heart, come with me, and I’ll shew you an object precisely formed to captivate you: the young Princess of Nuremberg.”

“A Princess!—Good, i’faith!—I venerate your prudent recommendation, Charles!”—

“O thou giddy boy!—you know very well, I would neither have you wretched nor culpable; and of course Princess Constantia is as far removed from you, by the customs of society, as Madame de Montainville by the law of heaven: I merely wish to

mend your taste, by shewing you a better species of magic.”—

“O your humble servant, sage brother!” cried Demetrius—“I now perceive from what quarter of the globe, your foregone, woeful cautions have been wafted! From the Paphos of sighs and dreams, and wishes, and alarms!—only two hours in your company, and in that short time to bewitch away such a soul as your’s! a soul so guarded round by triple chains of adamantine prudence! Mercy upon us! what would have become of me then, whose heart, (it seems,) wants nothing but the invitation of a few songs sung after a ball, to lure it for ever and aye, into the first fair bosom, willing to cage it!—Ah well! Chance stood my friend, and by depriving me of the sight of this mortal Venus, saved me from hopeless slavery. As to you, my dear fellow, I haven’t a doubt but that this evening will unrol a romance the length of a furlong, and as marvellous as the Legend of St. Dennis.—So allons! for a peep at its Heroine.”

Demetrius was all spirits at this moment; he laughed at his brother’s serious defence; forgot the preceding lecture; remembered only that Madame de Fontainville had sighed when they parted; that his feelings were ecstatic; and Charles’s Incognita interesting. He therefore set out for the Nuremberg palace with no sensation which was not pleasurable.

The amiable Princess whom the brothers sought, having been early deprived of her mother, was educated in Bavaria at the same convent with *Mam'selle de Ingersdorf*; where the tenderest friendships grew between them.—

Upon the death of her father, Constantia willingly hastened to relinquish even her friend for the task of soothing the forlorn hours of her maternal grand-mother; who now childless, and enfeebled rather by sickness than age, earnestly longed for her society. After a residence of two years in Italy, with this venerated relative, Constantia was prevailed upon to visit Germany with her uncle's wife; but a paralytic stroke suddenly seizing the duchess, induced her physician to recal the Princess long ere her intended short absence should have terminated.

Inclination led the brothers to make their first call at Baron Ingersdorf's, where they learned the mortifying tidings of Princess Constantia's departure. A courier had that morning summoned her back to Italy, and she had hurried from the Capital with all the expedition of terrified affection.

How heavily to Charles, passed the hours of this day! Fluctuating between the hope of finding his *Incognita* amiable, and the fear that she would be otherwise; now dreading that he was deluded, and now scrutinizing with uneasiness the strange character which prompted such strange conduct; alter-

nately suspecting her blameably imprudent, or constructing for her a marvellous romance capable of solving every mystery, and sanctioning the most erratic actions;—he nearly agitated himself into a fever. But for all this, he certainly wished more fervently to find her an old woman, than a young one; one, who would adopt him for a son, instead of seeking to make him her husband.—His chief restlessness, arose from a dislike to be thus left wandering in conjecture: for he had no ambition like Demetrius (who secretly indulged the most extravagant expectations :) and no heart like him to give away to a phantom.

It had been determined by the brothers, that they should appear together at the opera, (for Charles would not suffer Demetrius to break a promise made even to Madame de Fontainville,) and then repair to the church of St. Josephine, where Demetrius was to stay with him till the veiled lady should arrive. This plan was followed.

Madame de Fontainville piqued at the late entrance of her young admirer, received him with extreme coldness, bestowed all her attention, for a short time, on a party of Englishmen who were with her, and then suddenly left the theatre. Demetrius shewed such visible mortification and resentment at this, that Charles refrained from overpowering him by any observation; he hoped to see him disgusted by her seeming caprice, and suffer-

ing him therefore, to gnaw the corner of his hat, staid the conclusion of the piece, and then as the clock approached twelve, trod the road to St. Josephine's.

Charles took the precaution to arm himself; and he was not sorry that he had done so, when Demetrius accidentally suggested the possibility of this note being a contrivance of Wurtzburgh's to entrap and perhaps murder him.—Leopolstat smiled at the latter surmise; but admitted the likelihood of Wurtzburgh's malice having prompted the poor trick of cheating a sensible man into the folly of thus traversing the suburbs to meet nobody. Impressed with this idea, he heard the clock chime a quarter after the hour, and was just leaving the place, when a female figure in an ordinary dress, yet closely veiled, advanced from behind the portico of the church, and softly pronounced his name: he started forward; caught a hasty benediction from Demetrius; then following the woman down a flight of steps, was soon lost amid the obscurity of the night.

Left thus alone, Demetrius thought of nothing but his brother.—While the adventure was in perspective, it appeared the gayest thing imaginable; it was all delightful mystery, animating interest; but now that he approached this specious pageant, he thrilled with vague apprehension; beheld visions of horror, where he had fancied elysiums of delight;

and saw hatred and death, instead of tenderness and beauty.

Hour after hour, lingered by, and he counted the heavy strokes of the ponderous clock, with a far heavier heart. The moon that had awhile struggled through the gathering clouds, became now completely obscured; a fierce wind roared among the pillars and round the angles of St. Josephine's; and the rising tempest seemed mocking the agonized watchfulness of Demetrius: No one was to be heard in the distant streets, but the patrols, whose dismal voices, mingling with the hoarse roar of the Danube, came on the blast like the cry of ill-omened birds. A violent shower of piercing sleet soon began to fall, and driven by the furious wind, beat in through the open collonade; but Demetrius retreated not; his whole soul was with his brother, and he walked wildly to and fro, sometimes uttering a hasty prayer, sometimes execrating his own folly, for having suffered Charles to be thus entrapped.

Where to seek him he knew not: yet to seek him, to share his fate, whatever that might be, was now his resolution. The clock at that moment struck four, and rushing down the steps, he encountered a person advancing with as much rapidity as himself.

"Charles! Charles! is it you?" he exclaimed eagerly. His brother's voice, speaking in reply, came on his senses like the first gale of spring; he

could no longer support himself, but falling on his neck, overcome with joy, faintly uttered, "My dear brother!"

Charles did not see the grateful tear which sprang to the eyes of Demetrius, but he felt the agitated grasp of his hand, and clasping him for an instant to his heart, he took him by the arm, whispering, "Let us begone." Demetrius quickly recovering himself, obeyed in silence.

When the brothers found themselves safely enjoying the comforts of a warm room, in their own quarters, they were equally solicitous to converse about the events of the night. Charles was tempted to sum up his adventure in a very few words; but knowing his brother's taste was averse to the laconic stile, he related it thus :

"When I parted from you, my conductress led me down a narrow street, at the end of which, a small gate let us into a garden, which we traversed silently; then entered a tolerable fine house, where she shewed me into a room, and there left me. Nothing could be more elegant than the decorations of this apartment; luxury and wealth seemed to have exhausted themselves in the task of constructing it; but my expectations with regard to its fair possessor were considerably abated, when I observed the ceiling painted with designs and figures, which a modest woman would blush to remember having once seen: a canopy of purple silk, half

shading a Grecian couch, was so impregnated with a languishing sort of perfume, that whenever the lightest air moved its curtains, the whole apartment became lusciously sweet; before this, stood a table covered with a sumptuous collation, imperfectly beheld, by reason of the lamps, which were so contrived as to produce the effect of moonlight.

“I was beginning to suspect the truth, and was in twenty minds whether or not to make good my retreat, when the door of an inner saloon opened, and a lady magnificently attired, appeared at the entrance. My eyes seemed to mock me, as they fixed on the figure and features of Madame de Fontainville.”

“Madame de Fontainville!” repeated Deme-
trius, suddenly turning pale.

“It was not really Madame de Fontainville,” resumed Charles, “but a woman so like her, dressed so precisely in her taste, that at the distance, and under the doubtful light I saw her by, even the most intimate of her friends would have been deceived. She approached me with the most alluring gracefulness, and addressed me in a voice sweeter than silver—never did I hear such a voice!

“For the honour of the sex, you must allow me to pass over all the pro’s and con’s of our dialogue: suffice it, the substance was this. She announced herself as the celebrated Signora Albertina, who so long has been the melodious wonder of Europe, and is now

engaged for the opera here. She professed a violent passion for your amazed brother ; confessed that it was sufficiently strong to prevent her denying him any happiness in her power to bestow ; and to avoid the possibility of being misunderstood, assured him, she was so far from having a mercenary end in view, that she vowed never to accept from him the humblest present : to this she added, a boast of being settled in complete affluence by the generosity of Colonel Wurtzburg, ‘ her present protector, by whom she was brought to Vienna.’ ”

“ Astonishing ! Well, Charles, and how did you act in such a perplexing dilemma ? ”

“ As you, no doubt, would have done—awkwardly thanked the lady for her intended kindness ; professed my inability to return so sudden a passion ; hoped it would not be very injurious to her peace, (having arisen merely from seeing me two or three times on duty) ; bowed, moved towards the door, and tried to escape : but all this was vain ; she flew to me, acted for two hours, I believe, a most pathetic scene of rage, tenderness, and intreaty ; displayed to great advantage, beautiful arms, trembling with either real or feigned agitation, and the loveliest of mouths, breathing nothing but sighs.

“ I was not to be wrought upon by conduct so gross : for if it were possible for me to become a libertine, I am sure no avowed wanton could disor-

der my brain. So inseparable in my mind are decent restraint and modesty from the character of women, that no one without them could affect even my senses.

“The Signora defeated in this attack, changed her plan; railed at me, ridiculed my ‘sanctity,’ contrasted me with other men; and exerted a wit so keen and biting, that if I had been of a temper to be bantered out of principle, she might have boasted the glory of doing it.

“As she had taken the keys out of the doors, I was forced to lean quietly against the hangings, during her alternate batteries of invective and supplication; but not a word did she extract from me. At length she snatched a lute, and touching it exquisitely, accompanied it with that seducing voice, which almost transported me into the madness of exclaiming—

“Sure something holy lodges in that breast,

“And with these warblings moves the vocal air,

“To testify its hidden residence !”

“Nay, her very countenance assumed a divine expression, which pleaded for Wurtzburgh’s frailty. The rap’t attention with which I listened, inspired her with the hope of having overcome my stubborn virtue, (as she termed it;) she redoubled her blandishments, invited me to partake of the collation

before us ; and, at last, saying she knew Wurtzburgh had formerly been my enemy, insinuated, that she now gave me ample means of revenge.

“ At this instant, the creature became hideous in my eyes ; I said, I know not what ; and bursting from her arms, (in which she forcibly twined me), I sent the door through with my foot, took the flight of stairs at a leap, and was over the garden wall, and by your side, long ere the Signora, doubtless had recovered from her astonishment.”

“ And this profligate wretch is like Madame de Fontainville !” exclaimed Demetrius, indignantly : “ impossible, Charles !”

“ You will acknowledge the likeness when you see her on the stage,” returned his brother : “ whether she has, in reality, further resemblance than shape and feature, I know not ; but the complexion was either naturally or artificially, as celestial a compound of white and red.”

“ I renounce Lavater,” said Demetrius sullenly.

“ And I hope, at the same time, you’ll renounce your skill in drawing my horoscope,” said Charles, laughing ; “ your trick of foreseeing, and knack at discovering the complete impression of seals. O brother, brother ! what idiots do not men make of themselves, when they surrender up their reason to their imagination, as we lately did.”

The brothers now separated, to obtain an hour’s rest.

A few days after Count Leopold's interview with Signora Albertina, he was surprised by a visit from Colonel Wurtzburgh : not doubting but that his errand was an hostile one, originating in her misrepresentations, he advanced to meet him with the calmness of integrity. Wurtzburgh offered his hand ; Charles took it, and introduced his brother : the usual common-place compliments were then succeeded by a silence, which was first broken by the Colonel.

" I know not what you will think of the motives which have prompted this unrequested visit," said he, " when I acknowledge them to be a sincere desire to renew our former acquaintance, and a hearty wish to obtain your pardon for former incivility. Many men would shrink from such a confession ; and I certainly should, if it were to make to any other man than Count Leopold : but my days of competition and mortification are over, and have left me leisure to reflect upon the injustice and folly of such feelings."

He paused :—Charles eyed him steadily ; and with so distinct an expression of incredulity, as to make Wurtzburgh reply to it.

" I have no right to be piqued at this doubtfulness," he observed, you shall hear what excuse I have to offer, for past coldness, and may then decide."

Charles bowed.

“When you and I first met,” resumed the Colonel, “I had just emerged from the house of a father, who educated me in idleness, pampered all my passions, restrained none of my evil habits, indulged the most extravagant of my wishes, and perpetually prophesied that I should attain the heights of military glory. He died intestate just as I entered the army; leaving my fate in the hands of a rich severe uncle, who was too morose to reform my folly, by gentleness; and whose constant reproofs therefore, only exasperated me into rage. This uncle thought it well to let me remain some time a subaltern, and to limit my allowance: I had expected such rapid promotion (from the connexions of my family) and had been used to such unlimited expense, that I grew half frantic with resentment; saw every thing and every body in a hateful light; abhorred the whole world, and was in short, as you know, a very disagreeable fellow.

“Further than a little envying of your renown, and rude repulsing of your friendliness, my ill humour never went: heaven is my witness, that it did not!—No, though you were destined at Mantua, to blight my tenderest hopes—forgive me,” he added, (seeing the colour fluctuate on the cheek of Charles) “I ought not to touch on so sad a subject.”

He cast down his eyes as he spoke, evidently much agitated, himself.

“To continue silent now,” said Leopoldat,

after a pause, " would be ungrateful or stupid. I will be very candid with you, Colonel Wurtzburgh, and confess that not a month ago, I spoke of you, to my brother here, as the only man whom I felt certain, wished me ill. If I wronged you by saying so, accept my unfeigned regret."

" You did wrong me, Count !" replied the other. " I own that my manners were forbidding enough to authorize such a belief! and I know very well that when once the mind takes up an unfavourable opinion of another, it is too apt to convert suspicions into certainties. You had enemies in Italy, but they were smiling enemies ; men you never suspected ; while I, doubtless, appeared the person most likely to thwart your advancement. My sincerity may admit of this proof.

" If I were your enemy in Italy, because you were admired, praised, and promoted, why should I not continue so, (nay, increase in malice) since you are now far more praised, honoured, and promoted, than before? You are not yet powerful enough to assist me--nay, I am now removed from the possibility of wishing it. What interest can I have in humbling myself to one I am supposed to hate, when fate has placed me at the summit of my desires?—My uncle is no more ; I have at last procured the military rank which I had a right to expect, and am master of an ample fortune. Does this statement seem fair to you?"

“So fair,” replied Charles, “that I blush to have pressed a man, capable of such a frank avowal, into so painful a task. I am sure no one can have interested views in seeking my friendship; you, less than all men; and I therefore heartily exchange the olive; pledging myself not to suffer a single prejudice to interfere with our future intercourse.

“But remember this, Colonel, I am as nice in friendship as in love; and I may live in the constant interchange of good offices with you, or any other worthy man, for years, without finding him or you so intimately dear to me, as to privilege me in bestowing on you, the comprehensive title of friend. You see I am dreadfully blunt, Colonel: does it displease you?”

“Not in the least, Count; I accept your terms: confident that your nature is too generous not to repay me amply, for the little injustice you have mentally done me. When you shall find that I have really nothing so much at heart as acquiring a title to your esteem, I know you will add to that a more cordial sentiment: till then, I rest satisfied; and now request that you and your brother will do me the honour of meeting Field Marshal ——, at dinner at my house to-morrow.”

This invitation was gracefully accepted; and a general conversation followed, in which Wurtzburgh bore his part with some degree of credit: the fluctuating measures of the Austrian cabinet, and

the probability of renewed hostilities, were the theme of discourse ; after amply discussing which, they separated with mutual assurances of good-will. So extraordinary an interview, gave rise to much speculation between the brothers. Demetrius gloried in such an honourable instance of self-imposed mortification ; protested he hated himself, for having so heartily hated Wurtzburgh ; and adverted with enthusiasm, to the honest confidence with which the Colonel had said, ‘ he relied on Leopoldstat’s generous nature for amply repaying the injustice he had mentally done him.’

In this expression, Demetrius discovered the sign of as generous a spirit : a spirit, which by conceiving the nobleness of another’s, proved its own right to respect.

Charles was less certain, and therefore less voluble : the longer he reflected on the Colonel’s character, and past conduct, the more reason did he find for doubting the reality of his disinterestedness, and the greater was the struggle in his breast, between reliance and caution. Yet he canvassed the subject again and again ; viewed it in every light, and found nothing to warrant his suspicions.

“ But this self-abasement, this frank avowal of unamiableness,” he said to himself, “ is so great, so magnanimous ! it is so unlikely for such a disposition as” —

Here he stopped, glowing with shame to find a

prejudice thus rooted, which he had so lately declared should be for ever annihilated.

“How can I be such a wretch,” he exclaimed, “as to refuse belief to this man’s sincerity, for no other reason than because, if he be sincere, he is one of the noblest-minded of men!—away with such odious scepticism, such worldly-wisdom!”

Charles then reverted with pleasure to his escape from the allurements of Signora Albertina ; to which if he had yielded, he would now have felt himself inferior in every way to Wurtzburgh ; but while he thought of her, his ardour cooled again ; and he could not help acknowledging to his brother, that although Wurtzburgh was most probably capable of much good, his character sullied by a gross attachment to a profligate woman, must have some points from which that of Charles would eternally revolt.

CHAP. VI.

DURING the course of a month, from this period, many changes took place in the hearts and situations of the brothers. They associated occasionally with Colonel Wurtzburgh; and perceiving in him nothing but kindness, soon forgot that he had ever been the object of their dislike.

Wurtzburgh was neither philosophical, nor poetical; nor skilled in any of those delightful arts which, embellishing our leisure hours, add a polish to virtue; the most ordinary man in creation, was his equal in all these things; but he had discovered the important secret of supplying his own defects, by the qualities of others; and he therefore invited to his house, only such as excelled in society. The brothers hearing round his table, the sallies of wit, and the observations of wisdom; always receiving there, extreme pleasure, imperceptibly associated every thing that was agreeable with his image. Nothing, alas! is so common as this error, and nothing is more dangerous.

As the Colonel had discretion enough never to mention his mistress, Charles saw her only on the stage ; from the distance of which, even Demetrius himself, unwillingly acknowledged her resemblance to Madame de Fontainville. Sometimes Charles doubted the truth of the Signora's assertion ; and sometimes he indulged the agreeable belief, that Wurtzburgh's evident attention to what he said upon the subject of such degrading connections, produced the fruit of reformation.

The Colonel did indeed win on his esteem, by a silent relinquishment of many habits which he censured ; and as this was done without boast, even while he appeared zealous to evince the high rate at which he valued his good opinion, Charles could no longer refuse it to him.

Wurtzburgh had long sought an opportunity to oblige the brothers ; and a method shortly presented itself. There happened a vacancy in his regiment, which he immediately imparted to Demetrius, who had earnestly wished to quit the infantry, and who was therefore easily persuaded to accept a commission, which gave him rank, and removed him into the light cavalry.

For some time, Charles dissuaded his brother from incurring such obligation, and attaining promotion, ere his services had entitled him to it.

“ Wait till you have made one campaign, my dear fellow,” he added : “ every one predicts that

we are on the verge of a war, and therefore you will not have long to wait: be able to shew an honourable title to rapid advancement; and do not *you* add to the idle race that are content to be elevated by the exertions of others.

“ I hate the system of interest altogether; and protest that I think not even a Prince has any claim to military rank, unless he can urge the plea of long or great services. You can urge neither, my Demetrius. You have not yet been five months a soldier, and all that time your regiment has been in Vienna. Do not then blast the bright fame, which I fondly foresee, by forestalling its rewards: if you refuse promotion till you have earned it, every new commission will be a new register of your glory; but if you thus push prematurely forward, through friendly interest, no one will take the trouble to inquire why you are, hereafter, a major-general or field-marshal.

“ I would have you ambitious of deserving honours, not of obtaining them. Ever fix your eye upon desert, rather than reward; and believe me, reward will follow of course; at least, that of inward approbation. Rewards which sacrifice either to pride or vanity, are below a soldier's wishes. I do assure you, my dear brother, that I have never received such exquisite pleasure from the flattering eulogiums bestowed upon my public actions, (because it cost me nothing to brave death in a just

cause), as I did at your age, when I made a conquest over vanity, either from principle, or for the sake of compassion. You know not what a hero I used to feel myself, after having given up the folly of a new cap, or sabre-tash, when an unfortunate soldier's wife happened provokingly to lie in, upon a march. For to say the truth, I commenced my career with a dash of the coxcomb in me; and piqued myself then as much upon my good figure and good taste, as you may now do upon your's.

“From what has been said, you will discover that I have very peculiar notions on the subject of promotion; but you see they have not injured me: nay, their very rigidity, by leaving me no other resource, has obliged me to make efforts to be distinguished.”

“You are quite right—say no more, dear Charles,” cried Demetrius, all in a glow with virtuous shame; “I blush at being so inconsiderate as to have wished for this promotion; and I promise you, that if there be a war, I will shew a score of scars for every fresh commission.”

Charles looked at his brother's animated countenance with the purest delight.

“I know it is your wish to get into the horse,” he said; “and if Colonel Wurtzburgh will procure the Arch-duke's permission for your translation from the infantry to the cavalry, I see no possible reason

why you should not accept of a cornetcy in his regiment."

Demetrius was in such ecstasies at this suggestion, that he would not allow his brother time to reconsider it; but hurried him away to Colonel Wurtzburgh's, where the plan was immediately arranged, and in a few days completed.

Charles would not so readily have promoted this alteration, had he not secretly hoped it would remove Demetrius from the metropolis, where the most serious dangers began to threaten his peace and his integrity. Madame de Fontainville, too much pleased with the beauty and spirit of Demetrius, to relinquish the wish of adding him to her train of slaves, accidentally encountered him, as he was coming alone out of the opera-house. A vast concourse of people and carriages rendered it difficult for her father, (who was her sole companion), to get his coach near the door, and as he left her, for a moment, to seek one of his servants, Demetrius passed her.

At the sound of a female voice, timidly pronouncing his name, he turned hastily round, and beheld the beautiful object of his former admiration and pique, standing amid a current of air, in a solitary waiting-room, totally unguarded. Forgetting every thing, except the delightful emotion her first notice had excited in him, he sprang for-

wards, exclaiming—"Alone! unprotected! and I so fortunate as to see you!"

While he spoke, he seized her hand, without any consciousness of having done so, till its soft yielding texture made him sensible of the most exquisite pleasure.

"I ought to be very angry with you," said the lovely Fontainville, (faintly trying to withdraw her hand, which indeed only emboldened him to press it more fervently,) "and ought to refuse your assistance; but my anger is always as short-lived as it is violent; and never violent, except when created by some one I like very much."

The last words were almost lost, from the low, sighing tone, in which she said them; but the heart of Demetrius was in his ear, and he heard them too clearly.

The smothered fire now burst forth: he murmured apologies, thanks, protestation, and passion, over the hand which he alternately pressed to his breast and to his lips; and Madame de Fontainville, (too fearful of losing the lover she had wished so earnestly to gain; too tender to be discreet; too innocent to imagine that forbearance might licence him in the most irregular hopes;) suffered him to sigh and vow unreprieved.

The Marquis de Liancour, her father, terminated this scene: and Demetrius saw them seated in the carriage, after pleading a pre-engagement as

an excuse for declining their joint invitation to supper.

What did it not cost him to do so? He was wild with an imperious passion, which had its origin in vanity and the senses; a passion which was now assuming a tenderer cast, from the evident sensibility of Madame de Fontainville: he was suddenly translated from mortification into transport; and in place of cold words or averted looks, was permitted to breathe the breath of love, over the fairest hand in the universe; to gaze unchastized, (except by kindling blushes,) on eyes which met his with melting forgiveness; and to hear himself named as the object of her peculiar partiality; great was the sacrifice, yet he made it to fraternal affection.

Politeness required that Demetrius should call the next morning to inquire after the Marquis and his daughter. Charles foreboded the event of such an acquiescence with the forms of society; but how could he hurt the feelings of his brother by any strong expression of uneasiness, when that brother had so recently given proofs of his self-control! Demetrius went therefore.

Alas! from that fatal morning, was to be dated the end of his self-command. Madame de Fontainville was irresistible, not only in beauty, but accomplishments: she possessed talents for every art which captivates the taste or the senses; and though

without a single solid acquirement, had a sensibility so tender as to become infectious. Educated in the dissolute court of France, she knew no fixed principles; yet her propensities being all inclined to good, and no object having till now excited one lawless wish, she had reached the age of three and twenty with perfect innocence. Her habits of life relieved her from the necessity of reflection; and conscious of no glaring evil in her heart, she yielded, without scrutinizing them, to all its impulses.

Monsieur de Fontainville had been the choice of her father—he deserted the court party, to which she was passionately attached; and from that hour she disliked him. When he voted for the death of the virtuous Louis, she separated from him with horror. Without a friend to direct it, the very amiableness of Madame de Fontainville's nature, led her into error: she wished to please, not merely from vanity, yet was too ill-instructed to know of any other method, than that of looking handsome, and being good-tempered; her triumphs consequently, were devoid of insolence, her rivalry without malice.

Destitute of children, she felt a void in her heart which indeed had never been filled, but which ceased to be, the instant she beheld Demetrius: Hurried away by a sudden desire to please, to charm, to rivet him, she did not ask herself why she wished it, or how such a conquest might ter-

minate. Till now, she had never observed in others, and never had occasion to observe in herself, that Love advances from wish to wish, till nothing is left it to desire; that each separate gratification, till attained, is falsely thought the boundary of our views; and that even the most upright, having once suffered themselves to respire the killing air of unsanctioned passion, lose all just notions of vice and virtue.

Madame de Fontainville had certainly seen many handsome men, before she saw Demetrius; but never any whose countenance was so love-inspiring a compound of beauty, spirit, and sensibility: these graces, captivated her, without being analyzed by her reason; and yet had they not all shone upon her at once, she would still have remained free.

After one visit at the Marquis de Liancour's, Demetrius found himself unable to resolve upon never making a second: his senses were soon bound in hopeless slavery by the various charms of Madame de Fontainville; his heart was melted by her softness; and from often listening to the animated story of her husband's political apostacy, and her énthusiastic fondness, for the unfortunate Antoinette, he grew into an impatient longing for that husband's death.

How rapid, yet how undiscernable, are the encroachments, of vicious desires! These two per-

sons who had so lately loved without forming a wish, beyond a kind look or word; who had satisfied their uneasy consciences by the solemn assurance, that to know they were beloved, to pass their lives only in seeing and sympathizing with each other, would for ever limit their thoughts;—these two persons, were now agitated with restless anticipations, occasionally lost in wild probabilities, or striving to extenuate the guiltiness of future guilt.—Demetrius, had reached that fatal period, when passion puts out the eyes of reason, religion, and shame; weakens the energy of domestic ties; confuses every moral perception; and leaves the amazed soul, like the wretched Phaeton, driving furiously towards that very ruin, she has no longer strength to avoid. Madame de Fontainville was sunk in a destructive tenderness, which left her neither power to struggle against her own weakness, nor to reproach that of her lover: he was now, dearer to her than life, reputation, or happiness, and he could have exacted no sacrifice which she would have hesitated to make.

O wretched pair! where were the Guardian Angels, that were to step in and save ye from yourselves!—

What a different train of feelings, were at this time, awakening in the heart of Charles!

In the contemplation of beauty veiled by bashfulness and love; shrinking from its own modest

glance, he was losing his peace, without diminishing his virtue. Nothing is more certain than that a genuine passion, takes its character from the character of the object: Charles therefore, loved with purity.—

Having never suffered himself to be seduced by his imagination, he had never been in danger from an attack made upon the fancy through the eyes: he admired external graces without being agitated by them; till the knowledge of rarer charms, those of the heart and understanding, threw a bright light over beauties, hitherto faintly noticed; and soon added to the sentiments of esteem, tenderness, admiration, and respect, all that was wanting to complete the compound passion of love.

When Leopolstat was first introduced to the friendship of Baron Ingersdorf, the recent loss of Signora Berghi, and the information of Adelaide's engagement, rendered him fearless of any painful consequences resulting from his intimate acquaintance with her: he had so long armed himself against the attack of mere beauty, that he justly believed it would be more difficult for a handsome woman to win his affections, than one, apparently less dangerous. Adelaide, was indeed the very woman to disarm him of caution, and the very woman against whom all his caution ought to have been exerted.

Her character, was the lovely result of that

perfect symmetry, that harmonious arrangement of propriety and grace, where every excellence appears in its fairest order, and every grace has its use: finely-constructed throughout, it offered no eccentric ornament, for description to seize and distinguish; but like Grecian Architecture, uniting the sublime with the beautiful, rose in the observer's estimation, from every fresh survey.

After Charles became intimate enough, to have familiar access to the house of Baron Ingersdorf, he gradually ceased to consider Adelaide as merely amiable; and began to view her character with equal surprize and interest. It was indeed a novelty to find a young Beauty absolutely incredulous of her conquests; to see her cultivating her thinking powers with the liveliest assiduity; and performing every action of life with a careful humbleness which evidently flowed from a deep sense of religious and moral duties: how then, were these virtues embellished by a temper of unvarying sweetness, a cheerfulness which gladdened the soul like summer suns, and a sensibility infinitely diffused yet ever proportionate to its objects!—

Dispositions so congenial, could not long remain indifferent to each other: yet their progress from dispassionate approbation, to the most exclusive preference, was so gentle, that neither of them were conscious of the change.

At first, Adelaide beheld Count Leopoldstat with

admiration exactly adequate to his well-earned reputation : but as she became intimate with him, the tenderness of his heart, (which was indeed its prime quality ;) imperceptibly won upon the tenderness of her own ; and she loved to contemplate that sweetness accompanying his magnanimity, which seemed to be at once its cause and its reward.

Many men, perform meritorious actions and therefore demand our esteem : unless these actions appear to flow without constraint, and delight them in the performance, they fail to conciliate affection. Nothing which Charles did for his brother, or the unfortunate, had any merit in his own eyes, because he had early banished such inclinations as weaken benevolence ; he was therefore, unaffectedly astonished at being praised for what cost him nothing ; and *New Philosophers* might perhaps have denied his claim to praise : Adelaide was wiser than these philosophers ; she knew that at some former period he must have made great sacrifices to preserve himself from selfish sensibility, and she formed a just estimate of his deserts.

Whenever she was touched by the display of any excellence hitherto concealed, she used to wish that the young Count intended for her husband, might also possess it : but quickly this wish ceased to arise ; till at length, she dwelt on the noble and endearing qualities of Charles, without once thinking of another. Forshiem, was indeed little more

than a phantom to her: they had not met, since they were children; and now that she every day every hour beheld, or contemplated the most admirable reality, her engagements became dream-like; she forgot their steadfastness, or remembered it only as a dissolute man does the certainty of death, with a momentary shoot of terror.

The education of Adelaide had been such as qualified her for appreciating the richly-stored mind of Charles: he always found her eager to listen, whenever he discussed with Baron Ingersdorf, the topics which women are deemed unable to comprehend: He never felt restrained in his conversation, or forced to lower its strain to the pitch of an inferior capacity, but was accustomed to commune as freely with her intellect, as with his own. This intimacy so propitious to the growth of a well-grounded affection, authorized an animated friendship, which for a long time lulled them into fatal security. A trifling incident removed the veil from Leopold's eyes.

He was one morning drawing by the side of Adelaide, who was beginning to attempt the art, under his instructions, when the Baron appearing for an instant at the door of the apartment, said in a pleasing tone, "Your Father is come, my dear, and Count Forshiem." The next moment Adelaide was in the arms of her father, who presented her hand to Forshiem with great emotion.

As the Count respectfully put it to his lips, and the crimson suddenly fled the cheek of Adelaide, Charles found new light break in upon his heart. Forshiem was then, the happy man whom Baron Ingersdorf had spoken of as the future husband of his niece, but whose name, till this day, had never been mentioned. Like one awakened from a frightful dream, bewildered and distracted, all his faculties were absorbed in the conviction of being henceforth doomed to the tortures of imprudent affection. He was indeed thrown so entirely off his guard, that the expression of his eyes (as he unconsciously fixed them upon Adelaide,) attracted the attention of her father.

“You are not well, Sir, I think,” said the veteran (in a voice which united roughness and gentleness;) Charles started—a deep suffusion covered his face, while bowing, he stammered out a hesitating affirmative.

The person he addressed, seemed scarcely to hear the answer, for he was lost in earnest contemplation of Leopoldstat’s mild yet manly beauty: the Field-Marshal’s war-worn countenance was not indeed adapted to the expression of so youthful a feeling as admiration, but Charles could not mistake its meaning, and glanced in return with equal pleasure on the veteran’s martial aspect and silver hairs.

“I am an abominably rude old fellow,” cried the latter, (suddenly recovering himself;) “but

Sir, if you knew how much I respect brave men; and how happy I am, thus to shake hands in my brother's house, with the ablest officer of his time, you would forgive a little staring.—You look like an excellent soldier, Count! I hate white-and-red ones.”

“Not without they have had an opportunity of becoming otherwise, I hope?” returned Charles, trying to smile.

The Marshal nodded assent, then resumed.

“You made the campaigns of Ninety-six and Seven, in Italy I think; I should like to hear you speak of them. Though age and infirmities have cruelly disabled *me* from serving my dear country, yet I listen with interest to the narrations of those who *do* serve her. What is your opinion of General A——? Do you think his disasters were all blunders?”

Charles hesitated an instant, and then said.—

“This is a subject, Sir, upon which I would not volunteer an opinion perhaps erroneous, particularly as it is decidedly against that General; but since you ask it, I cannot refrain from giving my reasons for pronouncing every one of his disasters, either atrocious follies, or flagitious crimes. I run the risk of committing myself, I know, (he added, modestly colouring;) there is almost unpardonable temerity, in a young soldier thus hazarding crude

speculations before the ripened judgment of Field-marshal Ingersdorf."

"Your crude speculations, have produced excellent fruit, however," cried the Marshal, "so don't withhold them: besides, I see you will furnish me additional excuses for my contempt of A——. Why the deuce did ye not all, gag and chain him, before he issued his blundering orders, and used his infernal legs so ably in running?—Defend him!—if any man were to attempt such an act of rascality in my presence, I'd exterminate him.—Was he a fool or a rogue, I want to know?—did he sell his brains to the enemy, or had he none to sell?"—

"He had none to sell, I verily believe;" returned Leopolstat, "a very few objects were sufficient to overwhelm his small capacity; he was in the field, like a booby in a dance, who seems suddenly bereft both of eyes and ears, turns incessantly wrong, skips eternally out of time, and growing more confused the more he is bawled to, at last stands death-still, and puts every body in the same state of immobility."

"Ha! ha! ha! A charming simile!—go on Count, pray."

Charles now entered upon a serious investigation of the military causes in which the misfortunes of that campaign had their origin: and while so doing, displayed so much warlike talent, such accu-

rate observation, such a lucid arrangement of events and their remotest consequences, that the old officer's eye; sparkled with approbation. From the discussion of an individual's actions, he drew Charles into a detail of the whole campaign. Too well-bred to refuse satisfying the Marshal's curiosity, and too modest to bring forward his own merits, he related its different circumstances with simplicity and faithfulness, but without a particle of vanity. Sometimes he checked the current of his subject, to pay the tribute of admiration to the abilities of an enemy, or to rescue the character of the Republicans, from some undeserved obloquy. There was the more generosity in this, because he was an ardent foe to their destructive system, and their thirst of universal dominion.

From the eccentric, yet agreeable commendations of the veteran, Charles longed to break; he longed to remove from the sight of Forsheim and Adelaide. They were standing together, at the end of the apartment, conversing in low tones; and though Count Forsheim might have moved there to examine a picture, it was more probable that the removal proceeded from a tenderer motive.

"At such a time as this, sir," said Leopoldstat (averting his agitated countenance from the steady gaze of his companion.) "I feel myself an intruder. Have I your permission to withdraw?"—

"You are in a great hurry, young man!" re-

plied the Marshal somewhat peevishly, yet grasping him cordially by the hand; "what the deuce is there in Adelaide Ingersdorf's father, to make you believe him a whit less sensible of your merits, than any other man?"—

"You over-rate them, so much Sir," answered Charles, "that it is my interest, perhaps, to leave you without means of discovering your error."

"'Tis well you put in a 'perhaps,' you agreeable puppy!" returned the veteran, "or by my Cross, I'd have knocked you down. Come—throw away your hat—I am not a weeping and wailing father; I don't visit my daughter for the mere purpose of wetting a score of pocket-handkerchiefs, or of sitting opposite her at dinner, with a face like a skull and cross bones: (what do you cast up your lack-a-daisical eyes at, Forshiem?—) I rejoice to see the worthless baggage happy in the midst of enlivening company. So, do you hear, put away your hat; stay and make one of our domestic party; and remember, that Maxamilion Ingersdorf never could endure to see a face for two minutes, which he would not love to look on, all the rest of his life."—

At these words, (pronounced with the greatest sensibility;) the old officer beckoned to his daughter, apologized for a short absence, and disappeared: leaving Charles, to recover as he could, from a pleasing astonishment into which they had

ple Comm.

“If you have never heard the Field-marshal, particularly described,” said Count Forsheim, approaching Leopoldstat, “his manner must exceedingly surprize you. It is certainly, strange uncere- monious—but I assure you, he is the most amiable man breathing. I have had the happiness of know- ing him, ever since my memory could retain any- thing; I therefore, speak upon certainties.”

Never before, was Charles at such a loss for conversation: his mind was wholly employed in anxious scrutiny of the young Count, to which a sus- picion, that he was not perfectly agreeable to Ade- laide, gave the keenest interest. Yet Forshiem was formed to please: his appearance was strikingly ele- gant, his countenance spirited though not handsome, and his address characteristic of a noble frankness. Charles had served with him in Alsace; but as they were in different brigades and seldom quartered in the same neighbourhood, they knew little more of each other than what report furnished. Report how- ever, had spoken highly of each.—

A few minutes, were sufficient to restore the balance of Leopoldstat’s mind: he resumed his self- possession, and replied to the Count with equal amenity.

Charles now learnt from Forshiem, that the Mar- shal’s visit to Vienna, was a mere visit of business. He was come to consult his brother, upon the subject of a vexatious law-suit, long since instituted against him.

at Munich; on the event of which, rested the prime part of a fortune inherited from his wife. This suit was the more vexatious, as it had not the shadow of right, and was so artfully embroiled, so intricately confused, by the adverse party, (a distant relation of the late Madame Ingersdorf's,) that it was likely to hang suspended, many more months. Forshiem added to this account the information of his purpose to return with the Marshal, the next day to Munich.

Just as Leopoldstat was secretly congratulating himself upon the latter circumstance, the family joined them.

Rapidly flew the day, to all but Charles. The Marshal communicated his own hilarity; the Baron smiled with fraternal pleasure at his brother's strange sallies; and the Baroness had the delight of talking on her favourite topic, sculpture, to a young man profoundly ignorant of any one of its principles; Forshiem, listened and learned, and professed himself enlightened: Adelaide was at once gay and sad, happy and miserable; she was placed between the man she loved, and the man she was to marry; she heard the tender sighs of the one, and marked the cheerful indifference of the other; she saw her father's eyes dwell with equal satisfaction on each, and she hoped—improbabilities!—

In the Baroness's zeal to secure her new disciple Count Forshiem, all her store of drawings, and

models, were produced ; among which, the masterly sketches of Charles, bore a distinguished part : this led to the production of the Marshal's miniature, which he had painted for Adelaide. The Marshal was in ecstasies with the present, the compliment, and the artist ; Adelaide kissed it, with a crowd of emotions at her heart, and then calling on Leopoldstat to accompany her, sat down to the Piano Forte.

The chords she struck, were the first notes of a wild, soul-rousing march, composed by Charles ; at her request he accompanied her on the harp, and drew forth such animating sounds that the Marshal enchanted out of all reflection, caught him in his arms.

Everybody laughed at this flight : and the Marshal himself, allowed that he was "an old fool ;" but when they parted for the night, he shook Charles's hand several times, saying in a low, energetic voice—

"I wish, I had another Adelaide for *you!*"—

Leopoldstat bowed upon the hand then grasping his, with an agitation which locked up all the powers of speech ; his disorder became visible to every one ; but they attributed it to sudden indisposition.

No sooner was he at home, than he took a rigid survey of his heart ; and alarmed at the wild wishes, and still wilder hopes which were agitating it.

solved to overcome them, by a course of inflexible self-denial.

Let it not be thought, that this resolution cost Charles no anguish: it cost him much. Sleep never visited his fevered eyelids; and his heavy sighs, resounded through the long, long night.

CHAP. VII.

THE plea of illness, which privileged Charles in avoiding the sight of Adelaide, scarcely served his cause ; for the affectionate visits of her uncle, and the little delicacies (prepared by her own hand :) which she daily sent him, recalled her image under the tenderest of lights : he soon emigrated therefore from his useless retirement. On the day previous to this he received a basket of exquisite flowers, from Mam'selle de Ingersdorf, with the following billet.

TO COUNT LEOPOLSTAT.

“THE Baron gives us such good accounts of your various employments, that my aunt and I, begin to suspect your illness, to be no other than an idle fraud, invented either to enhance the value of your society, when you shall return to us ; or else

to save yourself from teaching drawing, to the stupidest of all stupid girls.

“ It does not argue much in favour of your talent for deceit, that you thus allow folks to see you studying maps and fortifications, while you give out, that you are ill : therefore, we hope you will soon abandon an attempt, for which nature has evidently denied you ability.

“ Seriously ; we want our reader. Every book we have had since your absence, has been pronounced execrable ; and so now we find out, that it is good reading which makes good books.—If you have any charity, come and enliven us ; for everybody has left Vienna : your brother amuses himself, somewhere else than at Ingersdorf house. Princess Constantia is still in Italy ; Madame de Fontainville, has grown so low spirited, that I never see her ; my uncle is plunged in vexatious cares for the public ; and were it not for the sight of frightful, busy streets, I might as well be in my convent.

“ By way of bribe, I send you some charming exotics which my father has sent me : he charged me to tell you, that you are one of his chief favourites : indeed, the moment I heard him lavish on you, his usual *endearing*, *flattering* epithets I knew how it was. Of course you know he left Vienna the morning after you saw him at my uncle’s.

“ Adieu, dear Count ! pray come, and tell me

what degree of friendship, I may say you cherish for him, in return.

ADELAIDE.”

The style of this note, was not calculated to stifle unavailing hopes ; Charles felt them revive, with every line.

On renewing his former familiar habits at Ingersdorf house, he found it more dangerous than ever : the Marshal and Forsheim had of course left it ; the Baroness was so enwrapt in the composition of a new *groupe*, that she banished every one from her study, leaving orders for all her guests to be entertained by her niece ; the Baron was absorbed in politics ; Princess Constantia was still detained by the pious care of her venerable relation, who it was feared would never more recover the use of her limbs ; and no one appeared to break the long *tete-a-tete*’s which Charles and Adelaide were thus doomed to enjoy.

Charles had no other resource than a system of perpetual restraint : he made frequent absences of a morning, prosecuted his professional studies with new ardour, expressed a growing distaste to the exercise of minor accomplishments, sought no longer to persuade Adelaide that she had a genius for drawing, and finally estranged himself from her society whenever he could do so without ill-manners.

At first, Mam'selle de Ingersdorf received these excuses with facility: but it was not possible for her long to remain blind. She every day beheld the sensible decline of his once-affectionate friendship; and from trying to search out the cause in her own conduct, and finding none there, yielded herself up to the most piercing regret. With reserve and coldness, they constantly met, only to part still more estranged: her reserve one day, made him more reserved the next; this again acted upon her; and so their coldness kept increasing, as if it might have done so, ad infinitum.

Charles, now vainly sought a comforter for his sick heart, in his brother: alas! he found it not. Demetrius was no longer himself.

Frantic with a lawless passion, which tyrannized over his whole soul, he was become gloomy and violent: when away from Madame de Fontainville (with whom indeed, he spent nearly all his time, her father being absent from Vienna;) he would shut himself up in his own apartment, and there give loose to all the extravagance of distempered wishes. This infatuated boy well knew, that Madame de Fontainville's fate now depended solely upon him; he was convinced that he had only to ask all he desired, and that she would from that instant, neither have the power nor inclination to deny him. But to what would this criminal tenderness reduce her! How could he devote to shame

and guilt, the woman for whose sake he would have laid down his life? How could he hope to retain his own esteem, after such base ingratitude? Or how meet the virtuous eyes of a brother who had so early warned him of his danger?

The sense of right, was not yet utterly lost by the soul of Demetrius, though it ceased to be an object of his love; religious feeling, still retained some authority over his raging passions, though they execrated their bonds, and writhed under their restraint: He could not resolve upon the commission of a crime, yet had not strength to rush away from the flowery precipice from which it tempted him.

Charles had fearfully anticipated his brother's thralldom, and had often and earnestly exhorted him to quit Vienna: Demetrius at first treated the subject lightly, then listened in agitated silence; and at last, unable to hide the distraction of his soul, suffered its smothered agony to burst forth like a torrent.—He strove not to disguise the excess of that passion with which Madame de Fontainville had inspired him, contenting himself with solemnly assuring Charles, that it should never betray him into any criminal act.

When Charles would have convinced him, that the mere indulgence of a guilty desire, is in itself, an act of guilt, Demetrius confounded him with the eloquent sophistry of impracticable virtue; expa-

tiated on the involuntary nature of affection ; and the peculiarity of Madame de Fontainville's situation ; protested their mutual innocence, mutual misery, mutual resolutions of never forgetting the sacred barrier by which they were divided. Baffled in his expectation of conquering with the gentle arms of Truth and Tenderness, Charles, was forced to seek assistance from authority : he reminded his brother of the awful power vested in him by their mother, and beseeching him to pardon his seeming cruelty, for her dear sake, *commanded him to join his regiment, under his care, the next morning.*

Demetrius refused to obey : yet he acknowledged his subjection. First, he threw himself on his brother's compassion for one short week longer ; then he threatened rebellion. Charles saw that all was lost, if a single point were conceded—he was resolute : Demetrius became exasperated, and peremptorily refused ; leaving his brother, for the first time in their lives, with open hostility.

Nothing could exceed the anguish and consternation of Leopolstat, at this moment : the world wrecking around him, could scarcely have caused him an astonishment more replete with horror. His generous heart seemed devoted to sorrows the more poignant, because totally unexpected : it was to be pierced, not merely by love for Adelaide, but by the estrangement of her esteem ; and lacerated by

the unkindness of a brother, still more than by his misfortunes.

What a life of misery was summed up to him, in the solitary hour which he passed after the hasty departure of Demetrius! He spent it in plans for saving him; and in striving to banish the remembrance of that cruel tone of defiance, which rung the knell of their mutual happiness.

All the sacrifices he had made to gratify this thankless brother, now rose to his memory, uncalled. How often had he denied himself the possession of things which his elegant taste peculiarly valued—how often stifled a longing desire to indulge a munificent or charitable spirit, that Demetrius might have added means to enjoy them both! How had he laid aside those quiet habits, so dear to him, so necessary to his system of honourable economy, only to watch over the heedless steps of one, who now rudely pushed him away!

All hope of comfort in this world, would have vanished from the eyes of Charles, had he not remembered that Demetrius knew not how much he owed to him.—Demetrius erroneously believed, that what he enjoyed, was his own by right; and that Charles had fortune ample enough for any demand of his generous but prudent nature—how then was he to guess, that when his little extravagancies forced him to ask the assistance of his brother, he was robbing him, with every ducat, of some

innocent gratification!—Consoled by this consideration, Charles determined on seeking the advice of Baron Ingersdorf; and for that purpose immediately sought his house.

The Baron was engaged with a foreign minister, and could not admit Leopoldstat till he was gone; the Baroness was attending a sale of pictures; and Adelaide alone, received him in the study.

Her observing glance discovered the traces of past and present suffering, in the features of Charles; they still trembled at moments, and his eyes clouded occasionally with tears: never before had she seen him thus profoundly sad; and never before did such an excess of tenderness overcome herself.

He sat down, conversed little, bent his head over her work, often drawing heavy sighs which he conquered with difficulty. This wretchedness, whatever it proceeded from, was too interesting to Adelaide, not to call forth her gentlest sympathy: her beautiful countenance assumed an expression of angelic pity, and the tone of her voice grew so touching, that Charles longed to cast his aching head on her pitying bosom, there to weep away the oppression of his heart. Adelaide too, the modest Adelaide, could have pressed him to that bosom, with the fondest compassion; for she thought at that instant, she loved him like a brother; and like a sister would have caressed and consoled him.

“You are not well, to day?” she said appre-

hensively, as if afraid that the very sound of her voice might hurt him.

“Indifferent,” he replied, forcing a languid smile.

He got up, walked once or twice across the room, looked wistfully at the door, listened to hear if the Baron were coming, then sat down again, but not near Adelaide.

There was no coldness in this, and therefore Mam’selle de Ingersdorf was not chilled by it: unconscious that her kindness redoubled his agitation (by tempting him to avow how very a wretch he was) she again made some anxious remark: he replied to it, only by resuming the seat next her’s.

“Is company, irksome to you?” at length she asked, laying down her work, and preparing to leave him.

“Not your’s!—never, never your’s!” he exclaimed with a sudden burst of violent emotion.

Her hand was now on the table where she had laid her work; he bent his head hastily down to it, and fixed his lips there in a delirium of love and pain. The repeated kisses and tears which he mingled over that little hand, had something in them which would not suffer Adelaide to mistake their character: her head swam, her heart melted within her, and she had not power left to move or to speak.

Meanwhile a spell seemed to bind the unhappy

Charles ; yet he spoke not ; he only sighed often and deeply. For once he had given way to impetuous sorrow, and no longer had strength to controul its force.

Adelaide recovered first : she withdrew her hand, in great disorder, and tottering to the door, faltered out some words which intimated she was going in search of her uncle. As she departed, Charles, whose love was increased by a vague suspicion that he was dearer to her than she imagined, gazed after her with a swelling heart. " O ! " he exclaimed, " while Demetrius knows himself beloved, if he loves as I do, how can I wonder at any madness to which it may transport him ! " .

The reflections which Adelaide's passive softness, had thus excited, were silenced by the entrance of her uncle. His undisturbed countenance, ever the transcript of a serene and contemplative mind, calmed the turbulent feelings of Charles : the latter briefly apologized for his own emotion, and then stated his brother's perilous situation.

Baron Ingersdorf heard the narrative with unaffected concern : Demetrius had always possessed a large portion of his affectionate solicitude, and though lately a stranger at his house, was not the less dear to him, from what he deemed a mere freak of youthful caprice. Leopold's delicacy not permitting him to urge the extent of his fears, (and they were grounded on a certainty of Ma-

dame de Fontainville's rash attachment) the Baron did not see the affair in so dangerous a light, as to induce him to give very urgent advice: he merely recommended unceasing watchfulness, increasing tenderness, change of scene, and active employment. To obtain the two latter, it was necessary for the leave of absence, which Demetrius had long ago procured, to be revoked; and the Baron therefore, strenuously advised Charles to request Colonel Wurtzburgh would devise some plausible excuse for so doing: a thousand reasons for this request might be given by Leopoldstat, without betraying his brother's secret: he saw there might, and instantly determined not to lose any time in following the Baron's counsel.

As he hastily traversed the streets leading to Wurtzburgh's house, he repeated to himself again and again, the last words of Ingersdorf.—“Take comfort, my dear Charles, your brother will come to himself, as soon as he is removed from the sight of this dangerous beauty. He has a heart habitually upright, and it cannot long bear its own reproaches: be assured it cannot.” Fain would Charles have believed this prediction implicitly, fain would he have hoped that Demetrius had the heroism to tear himself from every wish at the very instant they might be realized.

Wurtzburgh was from home, and being gone some miles off, was not expected till the ensuing

day : Charles turned from his door with saddened feelings.

When Demetrius returned from evening parade, to adjust his dress for the opera, his features expressed all the contrition of his heart : yet dreading that a confession of error, would tempt Charles to urge his giving him a proof of it, by instant obedience, he stifled the expression of what he felt, and merely ventured to utter a few unimportant words.

Charles was sitting at a table, which distinctly shewed the uneasy state of his mind ; for it was crowded with books, drawings, maps, mathematical instruments, military models, all of which he had separately tried to station and occupy his restless thoughts. His eyes were now as heavy with indisposition, as trouble : the presence of Demetrius had excited remembrance of his momentary ingratitude, and caused a slight throb of resentment to beat in his bosom. He would not look at him : but keeping his eyes fixed on a book which he had just opened, answered his few questions.

Demetrius fluctuated between remorse and apprehension—

“ Will you not go out with me, this evening Charles ? ” he said hesitating as he moved towards the door.

“ No—I am not quite well and you are going to the opera—I shall go to bed.”

“ What, now ? ”—

“ Yes: I don’t feel myself—good night!”—Charles rose as he spoke, and taking up one of the candles; opened the door of his chamber, and without even turning to look at Demetrius, hastily shut himself in.

Charles had his moments of weakness; and this, was one: the contrast between what he supposed his brother’s feelings to be, and what he knew to be his own, pierced him to the soul; wounded tenderness got the better of reason, and he forgot in its keen pangs, that he had resolved to conciliate and to sooth.

Hour after hour, found him sleepless. Every reflection which he unavoidably resolved, was pregnant with misery: his own fate was likely to be a cheerless one; and if it were to be embittered by the loss of that dear brother’s affection, in which he had treasured up his soul, if they were to sever in anger, how was it to be endured?—The pain of these thoughts was heightened by a consciousness of error in himself. He had too surely betrayed his passion, to Adelaide, and by so doing, tacitly supplicated a return; and, even to wish for a return, much more to ask it, was to prove himself capable of violating the Baron’s generous confidence; it was to break the sacred bond of obligation by which he had consented to be held; and was to rob the absent Forshiem of what a father had made his. To Demetrius also, he had acted wrong: influenced for

the only time in his life, by indignation more than sorrow, he had abruptly quitted him at the very moment in which his faltering voice announced a softened heart: at the very moment in which, he felt certain, that had he raised his eyes, he would have seen those of Demetrius filled with penitent tears, and might perhaps have drawn him, by one forgiving look, into his opened arms.

Bitter regret, and want of sleep, increased the fever of Leopoldstat; and the night was far spent, when he found himself so devoured by thirst, as to be under the necessity of ringing for a servant.

The instant his bell rang, some one entered the room: it was Demetrius.—Charles expressed surprise, and asked if he had just come in:

“I have never been out.” Was the reply.—

“Never been out!” repeated Charles in a tone of inexpressible affection—“and was it upon my account—O my brother!”——

Demetrius threw himself into his eager arms, without speaking, for his heart was full: and so gratefully did he love his brother, so distractedly adore Madame de Fontainville, so deeply abhor himself, that at that moment he would willingly have resigned his wretched breath.

In this agitation, Charles saw the return of virtue: he pressed the youthful Demetrius closely to his breast, while he intreated pardon for past harshness, calling heaven to witness that his own soul

was not more precious to him than he was.--Demetrius could not articulate: he was almost suffocated with perpetual sighs, and every nerve in his body shook with convulsive agony. Alas! he was about to pass upon himself, the dreadful sentence, of banishment from her he loved.--Charles redoubled his tenderness; and at length, his unhappy brother faintly gasped out,

“Forgive me--and I will leave Vienna whenever you bid me!”——

The instant he pronounced these fatal words, his head fell back upon Charles’s bed, and he remained there a long time insensible to every thing.

How fervent was the short prayer which Charles inwardly addressed in his behalf, to the God of pity, as he gazed on the deathly face of his brother. At that moment, could the sacrifice of his own life, nay, of what was dearer than life, his temporal hopes; could that, have saved Demetrius from the necessity of thus tearing his heart in pieces, he would cheerfully have made it.

A fault acknowledged with such sensibility, and forgiven with so much tenderness, served only to bind the brothers in closer union.--Demetrius, confessed the dangers to which his own passion and the trusting fondness of Madame de Fontainville, daily subjected him: and Charles, related in return, the agitating discovery so lately made to him by his heart.--Thus reposing on each other, and mutually

exhorting themselves to follow the path prescribed by honour, they saw the morning dawn.--

As Demetrius dared not trust himself with seeing Madame de Fontainville, he wrote her a letter, explanatory of his situation ; in which, he conjured her to believe, that this cruel banishment was the surest proof he could give her, of his love ; that in condemning himself to it, he was consigning all the rest of his life to wretchedness, excepting those moments only, which would be sweetened by the consciousness of deserving her esteem.--

Charles contented himself with taking leave of the Ingersdorf family, in a note to the Baron : and then, sat off with his brother, for Bolzano in the Tyrol.--

CHAP. VIII.

WHEN a heart is sadly occupied in revolving the happiness of the past, and in contemplating the gloom of the future, not even the charms of nature, bewitching nature! can rouse it from such abstraction. Demetrius, who used to look on this beauteous earth with the eyes of a lover, and who never saw the wildest scene, or simplest flower, without emotions of pleasure, now passed over the most romantic of countries, and saw it not.

The magnificent mountains of Tyrol, its fertile vallies, and picturesque inhabitants, rose in succession before him, without displacing for a single instant the little *boudoir* of Madame de Fontainville; where, unconscious that they were so soon to part for ever, he had ventured, for the first time, to kiss off her falling tears.

The remembrance of the fond delirium which succeeded this touch of her balmy cheek, the sighing tenderness with which she had suffered him to fold her repeatedly in his trembling arms, all raged

with an agony amounting to madness. Often was he on the point of recalling his hasty promise, and confessing his phrensy, and hastening back to fling himself at her feet ; but then the sound of his brother's voice, and the sight of his countenance (on which tenderness and apprehension were touchingly blended,) calmed the storm of passion.

Charles had his own sorrows ; and perhaps they were the mightier for being concealed : but he was accustomed to contend with, and vanquish himself ; while Demetrius, he knew, was now, for the first time, learning the hard lesson of sacrificing inclination to duty.

From the hour in which they reached Bolzano, it became his study, how best to sooth, yet strengthen his brother's mind. Frequently he called his attention to the changeful scenery amongst which they rambled, pressed him into the discussion of interesting speculations, and, though often repulsed, as often renewed the attempt.

Demetrius was weary of the whole world ; and felt as if he did indeed "cumber the fair earth." Life, for him, had lost its strongest motive ; and therefore he abandoned every minor one, without hesitation.

Refraining from useless expostulations, Charles trusted to his brother's grateful nature for that exertion which was necessary to prove his sense of such unwearied kindness ; and success would have

crowned his forbearance, had not the unshakeable attachment of Madame de Fontainville for ever traversed his views.

She wrote to Demetrius in all the distraction of an ill-governed but fond heart ; reproached him for abandoning the woman he had taken such pains to win, whose principles he injured, when he imagined them likely to be overthrown even by the wildest gust of passion ; recalled to his memory how often they had mutually vowed to confine their attachment within such bounds as Religion's self would not condemn ; how often she had professed herself ready to appear the guilty wretch she was not ; incurring, for his sake, every reproach, except that of her own conscience. She beseeched him to return, and renew their sad compact of hopeless constancy ; or at once to acknowledge that he no longer loved her.

This last was the trying argument with Demetrius. To be suspected of not loving the fatal beauty for whom his heart was rent asunder, for whom he could have renounced every thing dear to man, was to shake his best resolutions to their foundation.

Charles witnessed the baneful effect of Madame de Fontainville's letter with dreadful forebodings : he would have convinced his brother that such a correspondence was dangerously imprudent ; but Demetrius seemed deprived of reason, and argu-

ment was lost on him. As, however, he still remained faithful to his promise of not revisiting Vienna, Charles was forced to satisfy himself with a sacrifice, rather springing out of fraternal gratitude, than from any conviction of its necessity.

In one of Madame de Fontainville's letters, she urged the chance of her future freedom: which, as her husband was a man of a rash, fiery, turbulent spirit, was an event by no means unlikely. On this hope Demetrius seized; and, as if he had only wanted an excuse for again indulging his infatuation, became more infatuated than before. †

Yet, alas! what were his sufferings to those of his brother! to Charles, who thus saw the innocent companion of his childhood, the endearing charge of his riper years—him where sweet gaiety and amiable virtues had twined themselves round his heart, plunging from misery into guilt, and hastening to lose, in the indulgence of a criminal hope, all that remained of his "original brightness!"

No splendid visions fraught with extravagant transports yet to come—no bewitching recollections (which, while they lasted, transported the deluded soul into the fond belief, that past things were present,) visited the waking dreams of Charles; he saw guilt approaching in all its horrors, and remembered the former excellence of Demetrius only to mourn the more over his change.

While under the influence of these painful feel-

ings, he was suddenly summoned to Vienna upon regimental business, and obliged to commit his brother to the guidance of his own powers.

Had Charles felt any solid reliance upon the friendship or principles of Colonel Wurtzburgh (who was just arrived at Bolzano,) he would secretly have commissioned him to watch over his brother: but Wurtzburgh had made no way in his affections; and, spite of appearances, he could not help sometimes suspecting that the Colonel sought his good word rather than his real esteem, since there was, indeed, no point of perfect union between them. Contenting himself, therefore, with conjuring Wurtzburgh to send him frequent news of his brother's health, (the plea urged for their sudden journey,) he took an affecting leave of Demetrius, who listened with speechless emotion to his pathetic exhortations and encouraging praises.

No sooner was Charles gone, than Demetrius felt as if an oppressive weight were removed from his soul; a sensation almost amounting to gladness succeeded to his late wretchedness; and though he still loved his brother most tenderly, that imperious passion, upon which his pitying yet repressing eyes had so long laid a restraint, made separation from him a blessing. He could now plunge from despondence to despair, or soar from hope to certainty; alternately resolve to regain, and to relinquish her; abandon himself to regret, or waste his

days in fruitless musing—without dreading the sight of that mild, reproachful look, which so often forced him back to the most painful sense of shame.

Two days after the departure of Charles, Colonel Wurtzburgh called upon Demetrius.

As the latter had not yet risen, in consequence of a sleepless night, the Colonel sat down in his little study, and amused himself with looking over some plans of fortresses. While he carelessly turned the different sheets, his eye fell on a fragment of paper containing verses ; which, supposing to be an extract, he read : how was he surprized to peruse the following lines, signed with the name of Demetrius—

“ Vain are my struggles, fruitless my resolves !
Before her image, every vow dissolves.
I see no world where Zaire must not live :
I know no transports but what she can give :
Frantic I turn from Reason’s cold debate,
And yield my burning heart to Love and Fate.
O precious Fate ! if thou indeed hast giv’n,
In her I dote on, a foretaste of heav’n ;
If thou hast destined her to bless my arms,
To lend my youthful days their sweetest charms,
To warm my kindling soul with glowing life,
And be at once my friend, my guide, my wife !
Away, ye icy doubts, ye coward fears !
Ye calculating thoughts of future years !

Grief, censure, shame, no more this mind shall
move,

For what are all their ills to boundless Love ?

A sweet delirium now my soul confounds,

With passion's voice my echoing breast resounds ;

Each pulse with rapture throbs ; I see, I hear,

I clasp—transporting bliss ! my fond Zaire.

Before my swimming sight again she comes,

Warm with celestial beauty's brightest blooms ;

A faint reproach beams thro' her moonlight eyes ;

She moves with trembling, and she speaks in sighs :

Our senses float ; she sinks upon my breast ;

To her soft cheek my falt'ring lips are prest ;

Earth vanishes from each, and every care

Melts in that ardent chaste embrace to air.

O dear delusion, gone 'ere half believed !

Of every vision, every hope bereav'd,

My spirit droops ; Reality's sad glass

Reflects life's coming sorrows as they pass.

There, bound in tyrant chains, my Love appears,

Wasting her prime away in useless tears :

While I, (the slave of custom and of shame),

No longer dare assert our guiltless aim ;

No longer strive to banish vain desire,

(Bidding love's flame ascend with purer fire) ;

But fly the sweet temptation—basely fly ;

And leave her truer heart to break and die !”

There was so much more passion than poetry in
this extravagant effusion, that Colonel Wurtzburgh

hesitated not a moment in believing it to be the production of his friend's feelings, rather than a passage selected by his judgment from the works of another.

Scarcely had he time to recover from the reflections into which it threw him, and to push it among the leaves of a book, when its unconscious writer appeared. The wasted figure and colourless complexion of the young Count, were presumptive proofs that Wurtzburgh had not misjudged him.

After discussing the usual topics of the metropolis they had so lately quitted, Wurtzburgh carelessly observed, that Vienna was very near losing its fairest ornament; the beautiful De Fontainville having been on the brink of the grave, and only pronounced out of danger a week ago: that this was the more distressing, as her father was still with Louis XVIII.

What became of Demetrius during this brief detail? His heart smote his breast with a force which made it audible, while his parched lips vainly endeavoured to utter some articulate sounds. The Colonel kindly took his hand:

“My dear fellow, she is better—on my soul she is better!” he said, “—if I could have guessed how this would agitate you! But you slight my friendship; you conceal all your feelings from a man who would cordially participate in every one of them; and it is accident alone to which I am in-

debted for your confidence. Why do you not speak? This excessive agitation terrifies me; indeed, she is out of danger: she suffered me to see her."

"You saw her! O heaven!" exclaimed Demetrius, (forgetting caution in surprize and anguish), "and how did she--what did--*you* saw her, and I—" The broken sentences here dissolved away in sighs.

Wurtzburgh again pressed his hand, again assured him of Madame de Fontainville's safety, and repeated his protestations of sympathy: he then told Demetrius, that Madame de Fontainville had admitted him to her dressing-room, merely to inquire about the road to Bolzano, as she was ordered to change the air, and meant, for that purpose, to visit a friend whose house was in its neighbourhood.

The blood gushed into the cheeks of Demetrius with as much impetuosity as he felt it rushing through his heart. The motive of Madame de Fontainville's visit to a place so distant, and the cause of her illness, he could not mistake: it was for him then, that she had been dying; it was to seek him that she was thus about to undertake a laborious journey, while her shattered frame was scarcely able to retain its wounded spirit! There needed not this fatal testimony of tenderness to distract him. He forgot his vow, and his brother; he

thought only of Zaire, and saw in Wurtzburgh only an affectionate, judicious friend.

Compassion and indulgence, indeed, breathed from the mouth of the Colonel. He was far from lessening the abhorrence with which Demetrius considered the possibility of ever betraying Madame de Fontainville's honour; but he saw no guilt in suffering a powerful sentiment to reign undisturbed in their bosoms.

Madame de Fontainville, he observed, was surely placed in peculiar circumstances: her husband had long ago dissolved every tie between them, by taking a mistress, whom he suffered to bear his name; how could she be considered still his wife, the *wife* of an apostate, a traitor to his God and king: Was her disconsolate spirit to be interdicted even the enjoyment of a pure, unfortunate attachment? Was she, without children, or other relatives, (except a father, whom she might soon lose), to be forbidden all hope of securing to herself a faithful friend? Wurtzburgh saw the case under this light; but he scrupled not to pronounce that man a wretch, who could deliberately ruin the peace, or by an impulse of passion destroy the innocence of a woman so circumstanced. With such various motives to pure affection, he wondered at the irresolution of Demetrius, whom he had believed capable of the most refined tenderness.

That ill-starred young man listened with too

much attention to this hollow reasoning: at every fresh remark, his resolution became weaker and weaker; he thought, if Charles were there, that he too would admit the solidity of Wurtzburgh's judgment: yet he forgot, that Charles had anticipated even more than these arguments, and one by one had disproved them all.

The contest ended in the Colonel's triumph; who, in return for his friend's confidence, conjured him to avoid Zaire eternally, unless he could resolve upon never wishing for more than the possession of her heart. Demetrius had just proved the weakness of his own resolutions, yet he now avowed another, with as much self-applause, as if certain of keeping it inviolate.

The terrific visions of guilt, remorse, and shame, which a brother's faithful voice had conjured up to stop him in his mad career, now vanished into air: all seemed serene again; and Wurtzburgh appeared the angel of peace, whose tenderness, while it indulged him in weakness, would preserve him from crime. Demetrius was, in short, reconciled to himself; and entreated Wurtzburgh's advice: falsely believing, that he would acquiesce in any decision: while, in reality, he asked counsel only from knowing it would be conformable to his own wishes.

The arrival of Madame de Fontainville, a few days after this interview, sealed the fate of the young Count. It was not in the heart of man to behold

her fading beauty, her eyes for ever swimming in tears, her neglected attire, and agitating tenderness, without losing all self-command. Demetrius could find safety only in flight; but how could he fly again from the fond creature, who thus sought him at the risk of her character and her life?

Had Madame de Fontainville been the object of a respectful, disinterested, intellectual affection; had she herself shrunk affrighted from the passionate bursts of her lover; had her charms, in short, affected the heart more and the senses less, Demetrius would not have had to struggle with opposing desires. But she possessed no mental grandeur to spiritualize the transports of a frantic passion: her accomplishments were those of a Circassian slave; she was accustomed to consider her matchless person as her strongest attraction, and wishing to be loved by Demetrius, saw in his bold freedoms only the proofs of true attachment.

The house at which Madame de Fontainville now resided, was the abode of a French woman, the widow of a Tyrolian nobleman; as the lovers imprudently confided their situation to this lady, (whose principles were—no principles at all! that is, she never stepped aside from virtue herself, but cared very little about the conduct of others), every indulgence was granted to Demetrius; and to complete his happiness, (by making Madame de Fon-

tainville's residence there, almost a secret), no visitors were admitted.

Wurtzburgh and the thoughtless Baroness de Marienthal, Demetrius and Zaire, passed their days and evenings together. Yet, wretched were these days and evenings to the misguided Demetrius! He had concealed Madame de Fontainville's arrival from Charles, and was now, therefore, without a single restraining friend, who might have renewed in his mind, the fading images of right.

Every object by which he was surrounded in the Chateau de Marienthal; every conversation in which he bore a part; every expression of Zaire's subduing eyes, was calculated to inflame and disorder his senses: a devouring fever preyed incessantly upon his heart and his nerves; and sometimes he denied himself the sight of Madame de Fontainville for whole days together.

It was then, that wrestling with a giant passion, whose terrors he had so rashly contemned, he longed for Charles, and almost wished that he would come and tear him from the scene; yet had he not resolution enough to write and ask his aid.

Desperately pressing forward to the ruin which he saw awaited him, and losing all other considerations in that one, he began to contract new habits, less alluring, but equally pernicious. Madame de Marienthal loved play; and as she had closed her doors on her usual associates, for the sake of De-

metrius and Zaire, it was but gratitude in them to assist in her amusement. Demetrius played therefore; lost, played again; resolved to do so no more; broke his resolution; and then sought to drown by floods of wine, his sense of misery and of shame.

Three weeks after the elder Count Leopoldstat left Bolzano, a change took place in the cantonments of the Austrian regiments; and Wurtzburgh's hussars were removed into the Bellunese.

This circumstance did not alter the situation of Demetrius: he implored for leave of absence; and the sympathizing Colonel, (renewing his exhortations to the practice of that virtuous self-denial, which he was thus rendering every day more difficult), weakly granted: he too remained at Bolzano, continuing to share and promote the destructive pleasures of Mariantal.

It was now the beginning of autumn; the rich country of Tyrol bloomed with the ripened vineyards and mulberry grounds; cloudless skies and balmy airs infused tender joy, and the loveliness of nature melted the human heart. Demetrius grew every day sadder and more enamoured; and Madame de Fontainville seemed to partake in his feelings.

One evening, a delightful sunset made Colonel Wurtzburgh propose a ramble to the Baroness. Zaire was somewhat indisposed, and Demetrius, of course, remained in the chateau with her. Never

before had he appeared so hurried away by his unhappy passion, and yet his friend persuaded the Baroness to take fruit in a remote cottage, where they loitered away the time, and returned not to Marienthal till long after the moon had risen. The hills and vallies were bright with her steady lustre ; a holy serenity pervaded every thing but man's stormy soul, when Wurtzburgh and the Baroness saw a figure glittering in the light, as it hastily emerged from some trees, and as rapidly disappeared. The waving feather convinced them it was Demetrius ; nor were they mistaken.

On reaching the chateau, they found he had just left it, in great agitation, and that Madame de Fontainville had retired to her own chamber. Wurtzburgh declined supping at Marienthal ; hastening to seek Leopolstat, whose fatal infatuation had now touched its dreaded point.—

After an unsuccessful search among the woods into which he had seen him plunge, the Colonel repaired to their hotel where he heard with unfeigned astonishment, that the young officer had been there for his horse, and had left only these few words addressed to him.

“ I must stay here no longer—why did you leave us ?—Farewel—I return to my regiment.—

DEMETRIUS.”

Wurtzburgh now anticipated the confession, his friend would soon make to him, and avoiding the sight of Madame de Fontainville, took leave of her and the Baroness, in a well-worded billet; after which, he set off for the Bellunese.

CHAP. IX.

MEANWHILE, disappointment and distress met Charles at Vienna. The attempt to recover part of his inheritance, which Baron Ingersdorf had made for him, proved abortive. That this property had been fraudulently, because usuriously obtained from the late Count Leopoldstat, was evident to every person ; but such proof as can alone sanction important decisions was wanting ; and, therefore, the affair ended in mortification.

After Madame de Fontainville's illness, she had caused it to be understood, that she was going to join her father : Charles was by this means completely deceived ; and when he learned her departure, trusted she at length saw the impropriety of that persecuting constancy with which she had so long traversed his views for Demetrius.

In the circle at Ingersdorf house he would have sought relief from the many cares which oppressed him, had he not painfully found that the amiable Adelaide grew every day more interesting to his

heart ; that she frequently betrayed a solicitude so tender, as to banish for the time all remembrance of her engagement and his own poverty. He absented himself from the Baroness's work-room, where formerly he passed every morning with Adelaide, and he would have abandoned the Baron's dinners, also, could he have done so without apparent ingratitude.

It is not possible for two people to love each other excessively, to converse with perfect intimacy, to see each other every day, to receive and pay those little attentions which naturally flow from domestic intercourse, and not discover their mutual attachment. Leopoldstat could not but observe, that the fine eyes and colour of Adelaide always became brighter when he appeared ; that she unconsciously made his comfort the first object of her care ; and if he entered fatigued after a toilsome field-day, she hastened to bring him refreshments ; she scattered over him reviving perfumes, or opened the windows to admit the cooling air : in short, Adelaide was always ready, when any thing was to be done for him.

Yet Adelaide scarcely suffered her thoughts to glance for a moment upon the possible cause of this soft anxiety—Why should she seek a cause?—Was he not the peculiar favourite of her dear Uncle and the object of general esteem ! Did not every eye sparkle, every cheek glow, when the name of Count Leopoldstat prefaced his entrance?—and was not

every one desirous to place themselves within the delightful influence of his smile, and to serve him even in trifles?—Why then, should she alone, be alarmed at the warmth of that friendship, which he seemed born to excite in every human breast?

Adelaide deceived herself. A secret presage, that she should one day be the possessor of his matchless heart, was the real cause of her animated attentions and fitful vivacity. Too soon, this vivacity died away; and as her affection deepened into love, she lost sight of the hope which had first awakened it. No longer did she hover round the young Count, with smiles and services, but examined with torturing anxiety all his looks and words; no longer did she feel sure even of his common regard, seeing in the struggles of his stronger passion only symptoms of disgust. While similar thoughts fluctuated through the minds of both; while one moment they fancied themselves beloved, and the next contemned, the incidents of a single evening terminated their inquietude without altering their destinies.

It was at the assembly of a mutual acquaintance where the thoughtless discourse of a silly, forward woman, occasioned them infinite embarrassment.

This lady was not absolutely in love with Charles, but she tried to be so, and wished him to understand that she was so in reality: for this pur-

pose she never failed attacking him, wherever they met, with conversations about himself; endeavouring by this system to make him comprehend, that a woman who learns every action of a man's days, and who perpetually imagines him on the point of union with another, has a *flattering reason* for her solicitude.

Approaching the recess of a circular window, where Charles and Adelaide were benevolently conversing with a blind gentleman, she tapped the shoulder of the former, with her fan, exclaiming "What! is it *you* that I see!—but I suppose you are on the point of flying off to the Russian Ambassador's?" "And why should you suppose that Madam?" asked Charles carelessly, as he returned her strange salute with a good-humoured salute of his own hand.

"Why! Come, come, my dear Count, this well-acted naiveté wont serve your turn. Don't I know that your fair Countess appears there for the first time since her mourning.—Ha! ha! ha!—How he blushes! My dear Mam'selle Ingersdorf, did you ever see a man look so guilty, in all your life?" "I am at a loss to understand the subject of your raillery!" returned Charles, (really blushing at the fervour of his gay accuser's glances). "Pray explain yourself?" "What a provoking creature thou art!" exclaimed the lady, fixing her eyes momentarily upon his. "Does not the whole world give you

to the Countess Reusmarck?—Is it not notorious that you pass all your time at her melancholy villa? Don't I see you perpetually wandering with her, about her gardens, smothering her child with kisses, caressing her dog, collecting her bouquets? My dressing-room tells sad tales. Every body knows it was your interest that obtained her that enormous pension. Come, come, confess at once, that you are to be rewarded for all this benevolence, by the white hand of the pensive widow? Your eyes confess it. Don't they Mam'selle? Surely you will be an auxiliary to me, for I know he has been a woeful truant from your Aunt's morning conversation's."

Adelaide turned her head, as if to look at Charles, but her eyes refused to meet his. Rising in agonizing emotion, she began searching among some music-books which were near, for she knew not what, while she faintly replied,—“I know nothing of this affair; I—I am not in Count Leopold's confidence.” “We shall all be in his confidence soon;” pursued the annoying intruder. “A sylph whispered me this morning that the Count's happy day is positively fixed. Your Uncle is to give the bride away.—Lord, my dear, how dull you must be to have these things transacting under your very eyes, without seeing them. Well,—adieu! Joy, joy be your's, my dear Count, though you break half a score hearts in gaining it.” Away

tripped this inconsiderate woman, with a sigh and a languish, which perfectly performed their mission, by convincing Charles that she wished herself in the Countess Reusmarck's place. Baffled by her hasty retreat, the Count remained where she left him, in painful silence.—Adelaide, unable to stand, had reseated herself, and was now trembling through every fibre with a sudden emotion, which she found it impossible to conquer.

The cruel assertions of their late companion, hastily opened before her the view of a misfortune which nothing hitherto taught her to expect. She could not forget that of late, Charles had indeed deserted the house of her Uncle, that he had strenuously exerted himself in the service of Madam Reusmarck, and that all who knew this youthful widow, spoke of her in the most interesting manner. Where then, was the wonder of such an attachment? Nay, so far from being wonderful, was it not probable? To Adelaide, (whose heart knew no other obstacle than her own engagement, which still she hoped to break through), to her, the suspicion of Leopoldstat's chusing another, came like the stroke of death. It siezed on her soul with frightful violence; and she now sat beneath the gaze of Charles, shaking convulsively, and devoid of utterance.

His situation was miserable. The transport of suspecting himself to be beloved, (for how could he

mistake the cause of such agitation?) was lost in excess of anguish for her sufferings : delicacy and respect constrained him to preserve that very silence which afflicted her ; and he therefore stood some moments as if observing the company through the perspective of an opposite suite of rooms : then suddenly turning round, he exclaimed, " I perceive this heat overcomes you ; you have looked pale the whole evening ; let me open a window ? "

Adelaide answered by immediately rising and tottering to the window, which he threw open with one hand, while with the other, he supported her trembling form. Her emotion now gushed out in a violent burst of tears, which he suffered to fall unobserved.

After weeping some time, Adelaide said in a broken voice, " I am wretchedly nervous, Count ; and this room was so hot ; indeed the day has been suffocating ; you would scarcely believe what a trifling increase of heat makes me ill. "

" Till I opened the window, the heat here was not trifling, " replied Charles, " I am not astonished at your being over-powered by it ; I only wonder how so many delicate women can endure such perpetual changes of climate as they do, when going from party to party : a soldier has scarcely more need for an iron constitution, than a modern fine lady. "

Adelaide assented with a languid smile, and

then another long pause followed.--By degrees her apparent emotion subsided ; but she studiously averted her face, and often stifled repeated sighs.— Charles tenderly enquired how she found herself, and being told she was much recovered, he said timidly, “ It seems unfeeling to think of myself, while you are thus indisposed ; but as you assure me you are better, perhaps you will now suffer me to defend my character from the aspersion thrown on it, by Madame Griefenswald ? ” “ Defend yourself ! and to me, Sir ! ” exclaimed Adelaide, starting with astonishment at the apparent indelicacy of his conduct ; “ I neither claim, nor wish a right, to sway any of your actions.”

“ I had not the presumptuous folly to mean that ; ” replied Charles, mildly, “ but I have long flattered myself with the idea, that as you honoured me with your good opinion, it would be painful to find it ill-placed ; were Madame Griefenswald’s assertions true, I should no longer dare to claim the friendship of your family ; a friendship, which is at once the joy and the pride of my heart.”

“ I know not,” interrupted Adelaide, faintly, “ how your attachment to an amiable woman, is to interfere with the pleasure we have always found in your society ; or why you think it necessary to defend yourself from such a charge, as if it were a crime.”

“ The attachment itself, would not be a crime ; ”

replied Leopoldstat, gazing at her fluctuating complexion, with a beating heart, "but my supposed conduct while under its influence, is a crime against every honourable and manly sentiment. What did Madame Griefenswald produce as the strongest proof of my engagement with the Countess Reusmarck? the fact of my having obtained a pension for that lady!—I then, who submitted to the most mortifying obstacles and refusals, wearied half my friends for their interest, neglected no honest means whatever; to procure that pension, gained it at last by mere importunity; I then, am publickly accused of having thus sought it for *myself*! I having *wooed* repulse, which borne for my own interest would have been degradation! I, that would perish, ere I would demand even the reward my services might have fairly earned! Gracious Heaven! to be so insulted in the dearest part of my character, and before you too! But for this insinuation, the subject were not of the least consequence, and I should not have intruded it upon your attention."

"It is of consequence, Count!" replied Adelaide, melting into the most bewitching softness. "If the softest shadow is but momentarily thrown over the brightness of a friend's character, what anguish does it not occasion? Till this moment, however, I did not perceive the possibility of any odium being the result of your devotion to Madame Reusmarck."

“ I should despise myself if I deserved it ! ” exclaimed Charles, vehemently.—“ The Count of Reusmarck was a brave man, whose gallant services during five campaigns I was qualified to attest :— he died in my arms, on the bloody field of Tarvis. His widow and child, have since then become objects of my sincerest esteem and nearest interest : they were left wholly unprovided, and it was surely a soldier’s duty to plead in their behalf.—The attentions I have paid Madame Reusmarck, were such as respectful compassion alone prompted ; she received them with the eagerness of a heart which knew itself in want of consolation ; a heart, religiously devoted to the memory of a brave fellow whom she truly loved, and whose child is now the sum of all her worldly hopes. She too, is outraged by this gross report : her meritorious seclusion, her profound but uncomplaining grief, is turned by it into the most abominable levity and deceit. I conjure you to believe that Madame Reusmarck sees in me, only the friend of that husband in whose life was bound up all the charms of her’s ; and that I behold in her, only a forlorn widow and respectable mother, for whose honour and happiness I would brave the bitterest mortifications, spill every drop of my blood, make every sacrifice, but that of your esteem ! ”

The agitation of Charles when he pronounced the last words, was so extreme, that had he thrown

himself at the feet of Mam'selle Ingersdorf, and there avowed his passion; she could not have received a more gratifying conviction of its existence. The jealous honour which dictated the explanation itself, penetrated her soul: thrilling with a confusion of increased pain and pleasure, she could no longer resist the softness which melted her again into tears, and incapable of speaking, she sunk upon a seat without reply.

The eyes of Charles now fixed themselves upon her, with fond solicitude: her's were cast down; but her bosom palpitated beneath its covering, with unusual quickness. Anxious to break the distressing silence, Adelaide attempted to speak, and while doing so, raised her eyes; they were full of what was passing in her heart, and the moment they encountered those of Charles, she felt all that they had uttered. At the same moment each blushed, each sighed, and averting their heads, moved from the recess.

What needed there more, to develop their feelings?—Words could not have added to their mutual certainty of being at this instant the beloved cause of each other's agitation:—Words would but poorly have explained love so animated yet so timid; so eternal, yet so capable of sacrificing all its wishes on the altar of duty.

The globe seemed to whirl round with Charles, when the conviction of all he desired, thus struck

upon his heart; for awhile he stood bewildered, delightfully bewildered, not venturing to direct another glance towards Adelaide, lest that glance should break the spell: when he did look at her again, a succession of deep blushes confirmed his hopes. The appearance of Baron Ingersdorf now announced the dispersion of the assembly. The Baroness accepting the arm of her husband, desired Adelaide would take that of Count Leopoldstat. Only a few hours before, Adelaide would have obeyed without scruple, and Charles would have approached her without embarrassment: now they both hesitated, were silent, confused, and dared not encounter each other's looks.—The Baroness again spoke; and Charles fearfully took the hand of his blushing companion. While they walked to the carriage, it trembled as much as his; yet he let it go again, without having once ventured to press it.—Are not true love and respect inseparable?

From this evening the passion of Charles was as intense as that of Demetrius: it shone for ever in his eyes; and he might as well have forbidden his soul to illuminate their expressions, as have resolved to banish it from all his actions. But, unlike Demetrius, he controlled what he could not annihilate; and in proportion as he became sensible to the tenderness of Adelaide, imposed new sacrifices upon his own.

Fate however, seemed to delight in adding to

the difficulty of this self-command: for scarcely a day passed, in which circumstances honourable to Adelaide, did not spring up to oppose it.

Anxious to dissipate uneasy reflections, the Count went one morning to lounge away an hour of stubborn depression at the Archducal Library.

While he was dipping into several volumes, an Irish officer seated himself near him, and began laboriously to adjust the tye of a sword-knot, which in defiance of all his efforts, remained resolutely ungraceful. As the Hibernian was absorbed in this momentous employment, a thin, straggling young fellow entered, and making eagerly up to him, exclaimed in a whiffling voice, which retained only the faintest scent of his country's brogue, "My dear friend, how are you? I have just left such an interesting scene!—pen and pencil are both inadequate to describe it!"

"I hope the tongue an't," drily observed his auditor, "so let me *hare* your *new* romance."

The young man, now threw himself into an oratorical attitude.—"I was sauntering," said he, "along the horse-road which leads to Schonbrunn, admiring some groupés of lovely women whom the refreshing shade of the trees, and the accidental performance of an admirable band of music, had collected together, when I observed a celestial creature that might have stood for a Madona, watching the sports of a playful Cupid, (her son, as it

afterwards proved), who was bounding before her. Suddenly the child flung a ball out of its hand, darted from the foot-path across the road, and fell!—At that instant a party of riotous horsemen coming full speed, threatened the babe with immediate annihilation: the shriek of its mother rent the skies. The horsemen were in the very act of destruction—when lo! a beautiful girl, sprung like a flash of lightning over the ground, caught up the boy in her arms, and escaping from the very hoofs of the plunging steeds, brought it in safety to the walk!”

“And what the *divil* were you about all the while?” cried the officer, roughly, (letting fall his heavy sabre with a force which made the other man jump away :) “in the name of St. Patrick, were you dead!”

“I was bereft of all my faculties, Mr. Murphy;” returned the sentimentalist.

“Not of your sight, *haring*, and memory;” said his companion, “or by my *shoul*, they civilly left you, only to bring back *complate* intelligence.”

“Shut your *potatoe-trap*, man,—shut your potatoe-trap;” continued he, with a look of ineffable contempt, seeing the jack-a-napes about to interrupt him; “you may be a very harmless *fellow*, and a poor *cratur*, but you’re no *haro*.—Was there ever another Irishman besides yourself, that would have seen a child run down by a troop of cowardly *spalpeens*, without flying to prevent a beautiful angel of

a girl from throwing her *swate* person among the horses?—May Whisky be my poison, if I wouldn't have twitched every mother's son of them off the back of their *bastes*, and dragged 'em by the nose three times through the Danube and back again, and after all kicked them with a pair of good brogues on, till they were the consistence of horn. Och! botheration, but you're not fit to *convarse* with!"

So saying, the honest Hibernian at once turned his back upon the other, with all the rudeness of coarse but laudable disgust: scarcely sensible to the insult, his companion skipped briskly round, and fronting him, exclaimed—"Not fit to converse with Mr. Murphy! give me leave to say, you know nothing of fine feelings. Was I not overcome with excess of sympathy in the immensity of the lovely infant's danger?"

"O yes, I dare say, you sympathized heartily in *that*," muttered the contemptuous officer.

"Did not sight, sense, hearing, and motion, fail me all at once?" continued his associate. "Did not the acuteness of tender perception, palsy all my faculties? However, the very moment they returned to me, I flew to the promenade, where having brought the beauteous boy in her arms, the heroic girl fainted at the feet of its scarce-breathing, horror-transfixed mother."

As the vapid speaker paused momentarily in his

James M

discourse, Charles, who perfectly understood the language of England, raised his eyes with an air of interest in the story thus publicly related:—the orator caught the glance and resumed.

“Who think you was this intrepid beauty? No other than Mam’selle de Ingersdorf.” Charles hastily repeated that beloved name, and ere it could pass his lips, the loquacious puppy triumphantly proceeded.

“Yes, Sir!—Mam’selle Ingersdorf, daughter of the celebrated Field Marshal Ingersdorf, and niece to the First Minister of Finance. I had the felicity of bearing the scraphic creature to the house of the child’s mama, the Countess Reusmarck; in my arms, Sir, I bore her!”

“In *your* arms, coward!” exclaimed Charles, transported out of himself with angry disdain:—he was already at the door of the room; when recollecting what had burst from him, he hastily threw his card upon the ground, and rushed into the street.

Alternately burning with indignation at the boaster he had left, and thrilling with tenderness as he thought of Adelaide, he hurried, half-incredulous, to the villa of Madame Reusmarck. There, the incident just detailed, was amply confirmed.—Trembling at the remembrance of her darling’s danger, as well as her own frightful immobility, the Countess bore the most agitated testimony to that cou-

rageous presence of mind which saved the life of her son: but she did not recollect the Irishman, assuring Leopoldstat that Mam'selle Ingersdorf speedily recovered, and had very calmly walked home with her to the villa. While she spoke, Adelaide entered. To the partial eye of Charles, her very beauty seemed to have acquired a sensible addition by the active humanity of her heart: he approached her ardently; but incapable of utterance, could only kiss her hand with an air of the most passionate tenderness.

Adelaide read her eulogium on his beaming countenance. In extricating the child, she had simply followed the immediate impulse of a benevolent soul, which, waiting not for calculations on its own safety or danger, makes an instant effort to assist the sufferer; to have preserved the last treasure of an unfortunate widow, was an increase of satisfaction; but to find that she had thus elevated the admiration of the man she loved, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, was an exquisite rapture of which few can conceive the force.

From the evening, rendered memorable to Adelaide, by the idle accusations of Madame Griefenswald, it had been her earnest wish to know the Countess of Reusmarck: nothing appeared so easy to accomplish as this wish, yet that was precisely the reason why it was to her impracticable. Madame Reusmarck was in humbled circumstances,

had lately been an object of royal bounty, was desolate and afflicted, and deserted by half her summer friends; she was afraid, therefore, of appearing to presume on her own fortunate situation, or of seeming to demand acknowledgements by an ostentatious profession of pity, which the Countess never sought. Adelaide's reason for wishing this acquaintance might have been, "shrined in crystal;" it was not connected with a single idea of self; it flowed from the purest spring of benevolence, and aimed at no other object than that of reviving Madame Reusmarck's social feelings; of softly extracting the poison from that heart's-wound, which neither love nor friendship could hope entirely to heal. She now rejoiced in the accident which had thrown open the gate to intimacy, and purposed to avail herself of it, with a respectful yet glowing eagerness.

Madame Reusmarck, young and gentle, was still accessible to every affection, except that which lay buried in the grave of her husband: she received the kindness of Mam'selle Ingersdorf with a grateful sensibility, which far from repelling, softly invited more. From that day they became sincere friends; and from that day Count Leopoldstat surrendered up to Adelaide, his self-imposed charge of consolation.

To have met often at the villa of Madame Reusmarck, would have been too delicious an enjoyment for Charles and Adelaide; such an indulgence would

also have been indiscreet ; as it must have subjected them to censure, and have taken from Adelaide the noble consciousness of being completely disinterested in her friendship.

They gained, however, little by this sacrifice. They each saw Madame Reusmarck at different periods ; and each hearing from her details which mutually did them honour, retired from the villa only to remember new reasons for mutual preference.

Nothing could be more dangerous than the situation of Charles. The eyes of Mam'selle Ingersdorf always filling with tears as they met his, her perpetual blushes, and tremulous agitation ; the haste with which she retreated from him, whenever they were casually left alone ; and the sickness which seemed to overcome her at the mention of Count Forsheim, were all calculated to undermine his resolutions.—They indicated the very feeling necessary to make him blest ; but how blest, when he was not only *poor*, but linked to her generous uncle by the most important benefits ?—Charles loved Adelaide, not himself ; and for her sake was nicely jealous of that honour which a suspicion of mercenary views, might have disgracefully sullied : he therefore resolved, frankly to unbosom his secret to the Baron, convince him he was unfortunate, not ungrateful, and then banish himself from Ingersdorf. While he was revolving how to make this disclosure with the least pain to himself and others, he receiv-

ed the following letters :—The first, was from his incognita.

TO COUNT LEOPOLSTAT.

“ Are you not aware of your brother’s danger? —why do you not force him from his present infatuation?—This is not war-time, and military duty might relax itself in his favour, if you would urge pressing motives to your General.

“ Madame de Fontainville is with your brother at Bolzano ; at least she sees him every day, every hour ; and the price he pays for this fatal enjoyment, is likely to infect him with the most pernicious of all evil propensities : the house where she resides, is the resort of gamesters. Do not disregard this warning : be assured that on your account, I am affectionately interested in your brother’s honour ; and that whenever I am enabled to make myself thoroughly known, you shall find me at least, *the warmest of your friends.*”

The second letter, ran thus :—

“ I am too distracted to tremble at addressing the brother of Demetrius ; yet O ! believe me not lost to the most poignant sense of shame. For heaven’s sake, hasten directly to the Bellunese, to Agoro,

or my rash father will have sacrificed your brother to his furious vengeance.

“I, I only, am guilty;—I call the saints to witness that Demetrius voluntarily renounced our unhappy intercourse. He is not culpable then:—O fly and save him. For God’s sake, lose not a moment. I swear, on my knees I swear, to abandon him for ever, if you will but preserve his life.

Bolzano.

ZAIRE DE FONTAINVILLE.”

Every faculty of the unfortunate Charles, was stunned by this unexpected blow.—He stood for several minutes deprived of motion, and devoid of all sensation: his eyes remained fixed upon the characters, but took no cognizance of them.—At length a hollow sound seemed to ring in his ears; a dreadful chill crept through all his veins; and he recovered to the belief of no longer having a brother. Something like a cry escaped him, as smiting his forehead with his hand, he rushed into the air.

To mount his horse, and commence a long journey with the utmost speed, were instinctive actions: he thought of nothing, saw nothing, but the corpse of his beloved Demetrius; and rode from post to post, without once remembering that he had duties to fulfil in Vienna.

Though Count Léopolstat was the next day to have had an audience of the Archduke, and to have been appointed to the rank of his Aid-de-camp, he

would have proceeded without thinking of the circumstance, had not a casual delay at an inn, where he saw the print of that Prince, recalled it to his memory, and given him time to dispatch a courier to Baron Ingersdorf.

Charles could at this moment have beheld, unmoved, the wreck of all his temporal prospects, but he was still jealous of his reputation as a soldier, and unwilling to appear ungrateful in the eyes of that admirable prince who had advanced him to rank and influence: he therefore, confided the motive of his sudden departure to his friend Ingersdorf, trusting that from his representations, the Archduke would overlook his absence.

CHAP. X.

IT was late at night, when the Count reached the quarters of his brother.—As he threw himself off his horse, he could scarcely speak to the servant that waited to know his commands.—“My brother, Count Leopoldstat, is he here?”—at last, he gasped out. The servant replied in the affirmative, and, preceding his agitated steps, threw open the door of a small apartment.

Demetrius, who was leaning his head upon a table, on which lay his sword and pistols, started up; and seeing a field officer of Hussars, (for he did not immediately recognize his brother in the dim light,) was abruptly retiring, when Charles closed the door, and staggering towards a seat, pronounced his name.—The suffocated tone in which he said it, his extreme paleness and agitation, banished from the mind of Demetrius every thought of himself:—he hastened forward, eagerly inquiring what had happened to him.

“You are safe.—I see you alive, Demetrius:

—and I——.” Charles was so completely overcome, that he could not proceed further: a violent trembling shook all his joints; and, averting his head, his brave heart yielded to this strange mixture of the bitterest grief with the keenest joy.

As he swallowed some wine, which his brother now hastily offered him, his eye ran eagerly over that brother’s altered features. Care and self-reproach, shame and anguish, were all there; and no smiles, no bloom, no virtuous serenity, met his anxious gaze.

“O Demetrius!” he exclaimed, after a long silence, “how do we meet?—How have you wrung my heart!” At these words, Demetrius, comprehending the cause of his appearance, cast himself at his feet, and besought him once more to pardon his apostacy, to receive him again to his bosom, to hear his vow of abjuring Madame de Fontainville for ever.

“I am not yet, quite unworthy of your love:” he added, bedewing Leopold’s hands with tears, “if you knew what a struggle it was, to tear myself from her—to fly her, at the very instant in which she was on the point of completing my criminal wishes.”—“And did you?” exclaimed the Count, starting wildly from his seat.

“I did.—Zaire is still innocent.”

Charles snatched him to his arms in silence, and

for the first time, the big tears rolled down his manly cheek.

Let not the dissolute or thoughtless smile contemptuously on the emotion of this upright brother! To him, who had so heavily felt the consequences of licentious passions, in the wreck of his fortunes, and the desertion of his father, and who had therefore learned to consider them with proper horror;—to him, who knew that the first step in vice, is but the prelude of many others, and the first conquest by virtue, the bright earnest of future victories;—to him, this moment was fraught with importance, and seemed the blessed crisis of his brother's fate. He folded him repeatedly to his breast, unconsciously whispering to himself, the last words of their mother. "Let nothing in this world, except your religious principles, be dearer to you, than his honour." Demetrius caught the sounds, and his divided heart put up a prayer to heaven, for strength to continue what he resolved to become.

As the turbulence of their feelings subsided, Demetrius dreaded the confession he had yet to make: it was necessary that his brother should be told of his debts to Colonel Wurtzburgh, from whom he had borrowed the sums lost at play, to the Baroness Marienthal, but he hesitated to avow such an aggravation of his offences. Charles observed his wandering and abstracted manner: guessing

much of what he had to hear, he urged him to confide implicitly in a brother's affection; and at length prevailed on him to give a full avowal.

No bodily torment could equal the mental suffering of Demetrius, while he repeated the progress of his weak passion; his frequent good resolutions, broken as soon as formed; his desperate acquiescence in an amusement which he detested, and which his narrow income rendered criminal. The severest moralist could not have upbraided and denounced him more vehemently, than was done by his own conscience. Frequently he broke off in the midst of the narrative, wildly exclaiming that he was not fit to behold his deceived brother. Charles tenderly re-assured him, and then he resumed.

The account of his last interview with Madame de Fontainville, caused too much agitation to be given distinctly: Leopoldstat's heart bled for him, as he rapidly related the dangerous scene; it had indeed, been a moment of sharp trial, from which he had forcibly torn himself: and struck with horror at the wretchedness to which they were then on the point of reducing themselves, had hastened to a distance, where it was his intention to have remained till he should have acquired some command over his head-strong passions.

Scarcely had he been four days at Agoro, when the Marquis de Liancour arrived at it: he came to wash out the supposed stain of his daughter, in

the blood of her wretched lover : and had Demetrius been less susceptible of honourable shame ;—had he rashly braved that resentment which he was conscious of deserving ;—had he in short, instead of baring his defenceless breast to the sword of his enemy, raised an arm against him, he would most probably, have expiated every error with his life.

The Marquis de Liancour, meeting respect and contrition, where he expected only to find shameless defiance ; receiving ingenuous confessions instead of mean palliation ; was soon made sensible of his impetuosity : he discovered that Demetrius was not a seducer ; that his daughter, though faulty, was not abandoned, and that he might yet preserve her to his declining years in peace and honour.—They parted friends. The Marquis promising to treat his unhappy child with lenity ; and Demetrius consenting (though at the expense of all his future hopes,) never to see Zaire again, without his permission.

When Demetrius concluded the whole of this detail, his brother wrung his hand without speaking, and then paced the apartment in great emotion.

His troubled countenance expressed a mind absorbed in revolving some painful duty which it shrunk from performing : several times he stopped ; and repeated sighs, seemingly fetched from the very depths of his heart, supplied the place of words. At length he approached Demetrius, who was rest-

ing his burning temples against the side of the room. "Demetrius! my dear Demetrius!" he said, gently.—At that moment their swimming eyes met, and Demetrius read in those of Charles's so much compassion, that he could not help snatching his hand to his lips.

They then sat down together; their hands locked in each others.

"What you have just told me, my beloved brother," continued the elder, "forces me to make you a painful confession in return. I call heaven to witness, that nothing short of an absolute conviction that I have pursued a wrong system with you should have compelled me to afflict you, as I must now do. If it were not obvious, that a complete knowledge of our situation, is the only means of preserving you from future suffering, I would manage to overcome every difficulty, and still leave you in ignorance.

"My conduct has always led you to suppose your annual allowance, was the wreck of a younger son's inheritance; and that mine consequently, was much larger; that the pay of my commission, and the pension attached to my order, were but minor parts of my income: you had a right, therefore, to calculate on my power and will, to assist you in any pecuniary emergency; seeing how prudently I regulated my own expenses. But I must now un-

deceive you, Demetrius, and confess that what *you* enjoy, is all my father left between us."

"All! gracious God!— and have you resigned
—— wretch that I am!"

Demetrius uttered these broken sentences, with the most frightful wildness: Charles besought him to be calm.—"Hear me, my dear brother," he cried, "it is I, that have now to sorrow for the effects of mistaken affection: it is I, that ought to intreat pardon, and deprecate reproach."

Demetrius fixed his eyes upon him for a moment, with a wild smile, then turned them suddenly away, and sighed profoundly.—Charles resumed.—

"It was a serious fault on my part, to let you enter life, under such an error.—I had forgotten how often I owed my own indifference to dangerous pleasures, my own power of resisting soft temptations, to the occupation of a careful heart; to thoughts chastised by early reflection; to a sense of having nothing to be distinguished by, except strict integrity. I had felt the pains and the profit of adversity; yet forgetting the latter, and remembering only the former, falsely hoped to ensure your happiness by concealing from you, every circumstance likely to damp your enjoyment of trifles.

"The sacrifice of a scanty income, was of course, nothing for a man accustomed to cheap pleasures; but I ought to have considered, that ignorant of our true situation, you would be tempted to

ceed it, from a belief of my larger means. It is I, therefore, who am blameable throughout. Had I consented to see you take your share in that salutary suffering, which is wisely diffused over all creation, your character would have been strengthened, and one severe trial would not thus have upset you.

“ My unvarying system, (a selfish one, certainly, because I could not bear to lose the delight of seeing you cheerful), has always been to keep from your knowledge whatever was painful. It is I, that have made you a hot-house plant, my Demetrius, and I must not censure you, for being unable to stand the fierce sunshine and the blighting storm.”

Here, he paused : but Demetrius spoke not ; he groaned and smote his breast.

“ O Charles !” he exclaimed, after a long pause, —“ O too generous brother !—how is it that I live, and know myself the cause of such affliction to you ?—to you, that have given me every thing, made me every thing, endured all things for my sake !

“ If the remainder of a worthless life, spent in obedience, can atone for the ingratitude of my past conduct”—“ Speak not thus ;” interrupted Leopoldstat, “ unconscious of the few services I tried to render you, how can it be said you are ungrateful ?”

“ I should have considered your conduct more attentively ;” said Demetrius, “ I should have guessed that such a brother could be reserved about his

own affairs, only from the noblest motive.—I *have* been thoughtless indeed!—O Charles, Charles, what disgrace shall I not bring upon your unblemished name, by *my* ruin!”

“Dismiss that fear,” returned his brother. “Your honour shall not suffer with Colonel Wurtzburgh. Thank heaven! we still have the means of faithfully repaying him. We must mortgage that little estate for the precise sum, and, till the mortgage be cancelled, must share the same fortune. Come, come, banish this excess of sensibility my dearest Demetrius; what merit is there, in two brothers loving each other and consenting to have but one purse, and one soul? Could I see you restored to peace of mind; could I hope to find you determine upon the only measure likely to reconcile you to yourself, I should look back without grief, and forward with the sweetest security.”

Demetrius shook in every limb, as he heard these words: a deadly paleness succeeded his glow of enthusiastic gratitude: Zaire, the fond beloved Zaire, rose to his thoughts, and palsied the resolutions he was just going to form.—He now pressed his hand on his forehead, in a tumult of contending feelings, tore open his uniform, and snatching the picture of Zaire from his bosom, gazed at it wildly; kissed it again and again; held it to his heart, his lips, his eyes; mingled tears and sobs with these sad caresses; then hastily pushing it into his bro-

ther's hand, exclaimed,—“ I will never see her more.” He hurried immediately after this, into his own room, where he spent the night in conflicts, which Charles respected too much, to invade.

When a man resolves not to be influenced in his decisions, by his wishes, he is certain of deciding right. Charles steadily considered the late behaviour of Demetrius, with this resolution, and became convinced that he might rely upon his stability. Till this evening, Demetrius seemed insensible to the criminality of a passion for Madame de Fontainville :—now, the proof of what that passion led to, of the other vices into which it betrayed him, had relumed his soul, and though still in bondage, he could no longer be termed a willing slave.

The dread of offending a purer Being, a higher Judge than that brother whom he ardently loved, visibly expressed itself in his manner: Charles blessed heaven for so momentous a change; convinced that the first step towards virtue, is a complete knowledge of our depravity.

Remaining wholly unmindful of his own concerns, would have been to increase the self-reproach of Demetrius: Leopold therefore anxiously revolved the best means of reconciling such opposite interests as his, and his brother's. He could not long absent himself from Vienna, without forfeiting the favour of the Archduke; and to transact the business necessary to be gone through, e. e. he could

discharge the debt to Colonel Wurtzburgh, he must visit the capital. Would it then, be prudent in him to leave Demetrius at so critical a period, when his good resolutions were but just unfolded?—would it be kind? Prudence and Kindness, answered in the affirmative. Demetrius left to his own exertions, would be roused to greater efforts, by the very absence of that soft supporting heart, on which he was accustomed to lean, and melt away in weakness: he would be left to the uneffaced impression of this affecting interview; to the remembrance of his unequivocal promises; to the conviction that Charles implicitly trusted those promises; to the contemplation of all he owed, and all from which he was rescued.—These considerations decided Leopoldstat: conscious that unlimited confidence, is to a generous nature, but a stronger motive to deserve it.

While his brother slept, (for Demetrius slept; and it was the first time he had done so, since he quitted the Tyrol),—The Count was engrossed by committing to paper every argument required by affection and religion, which might assist in dispersing the mists of passion, and confirming virtuous inclinations.

After recapitulating the obvious reasons for shunning so unhallowed a connection, he placed the filial obligation of Madame de Fontainville, in a broad light, proved how culpably she must have broken it, had she dishonoured the name and destroyed the

peace of her father;—delineated the beauty of a blameless attachment, the purity of its desires, the sublime heights to which it often conducted men, the ignoble feelings from which it preserved them: faithfully estimated the mental powers of Demetrius; and then commented on the oblivion into which they had sunk, during his devotion, to a woman, whose ill-directed tenderness valued nothing in her lover but his love; and who, satisfied with being all the world to him, was content to see him become nothing to all the world.

Warm commendations, and perfect reliance, closed this long letter:—indeed, it was a transcript of the writer's heart, where pity and admiration, had nearly silenced censure.

Long after day dawned, he threw himself upon a sofa, where his over-tasked spirit, enjoyed a short respite from its many anxieties.

When the brothers met the next morning, there was a settled seriousness in the younger's looks, which spoke peace to Charles. He had dreaded the sight of ever-varying anguish in a countenance which nature seemed to have destined for the abode of the most blissful and endearing expressions: he therefore saw with satisfaction, that the eyes of Demetrius were still and mournful.

It was not from turbulent emotions, or paroxysms of remorse, (the more violent, perhaps, from a consciousness of wanting will, to render that remorse

repentance): that he could look for this renovation of his brother: he was to be saved only by an attentive survey of his own situation, and a rigid resolution of renouncing its dangers. His present composure, though sad beyond description, was the best proof of a resolute mind.

When Leopoldstat announced the necessity he was under, of returning immediately to Vienna, he gave his brother, the letter of the preceding night; telling him to seek there, for his advice upon a subject too painful to discuss. He then entered into a minuter detail of his own affairs, in which the name of Adelaide Ingersdorf, was but too often mentioned.

During the few hours they remained together, Charles could not entirely think of his brother: frequently thought carried him back to Adelaide; his fixed eyes were then filled with tears; and Demetrius hearing his profound, unconscious sighs, noting the change in his once complete figure, observing the sudden force with which he wrested back his mind, blushed at his own comparative imbecility.—If Charles could thus meditate the sacrifice, and attempt the cure of a virtuous affection, even while believing himself beloved, should he, the victim of a lawless one, dare to shrink from a similar task? The spark of honourable emulation was smothered not extinguished, in this youthful bosom; it now spread into a blaze:

While Charles went to visit Colonel Wurtzburgh, Demetrius wrote a letter to Madame de Fontainville; a farewell letter!—Let those who have loved as he had done; who have, like him, suffered passion to assault without overcoming principle, imagine his anguish during this forced conquest of the former! No longer did he write to vow eternal constancy, to cheat himself and her, by swearing to love on, yet never to see her more, he wrote to confess his sense of their mutual weakness; relating all that had passed between her father, his brother, and himself; exhorting her to resolve as he did to master the passion which religion condemned, and solemnly assuring her, that though she was still, dearer to him than the vital blood which swelled his heart, he steadfastly resolved to make this dreaded conquest, the business of his future life.

When he would have besought her, never more to distract him by the slightest testimony of an affection, once so fondly sought, so dearly prized, his heart gave way; he threw himself upon the paper, and blotted it, with his tears. Memory, that curse and blessing of our existence, presented him with such fatal charms of tenderness and beauty, in the image of Zaire, that for awhile he believed his passion unconquerable:—like a repressed torrent, it rolled back upon his soul, sweeping away all power, all will to renounce her.

This phrenzy was long, but not endless: its tem-

pestuous waves gradually subsided ; and again he beheld the bright summits of virtue and peace.

On the return of Charles, Demetrius put this letter into his hand, with visible emotion: he would have told him to read it, had not his quivering lips denied him utterance. His brother eagerly ran through it, and often were the tremulous characters, undistinguishable to his floated eyes.

After completely perusing it, he pressed the unhappy writer's hand, saying softly, " I will give it her, myself."—Demetrius motioned his acquiescence, for he could not speak ; a long time he remained silent, while his pale, and suddenly-disturbed countenance, alone evinced the internal conflict which again began to agitate him. At last, a convulsive groan burst from his heart. Charles, who had been contemplating him, with the most harrowing commiseration, started from his seat, and throwing his arms round him, exclaimed—" O my brother, have I exacted too much ? "

" Spare me awhile, Charles, spare me !—allow me but a few moments of miserable weakness ! " replied Demetrius, in a suffocated voice, " if you could guess how I love her !—how I shudder at the thought of never, never seeing her more ; of becoming to her, as if I were not—of seeking to forget that love and that beauty which were in my eyes, the sole charm of this world—O God ! O God !

can the separation of soul and body be more dreadful than this?"

At the last words, his eyes rolled so wildly, that his brother began to be alarmed for his intellects; and sitting down by him, strove to soothe him into composure.

The gust of ungovernable agony again passed away, and Charles was able to leave him at the expiration of an hour, without apprehension.

CHAP. XI.

IT will now, be necessary to revert to what passed between Leopoldstat and Colonel Wurtzburgh: and in order to make the separate feelings of these gentlemen, perfectly intelligible, I must explain the secret motives of the Colonel's conduct. It may be remembered, that during the first part of this officer's military career he was constantly out-done by the superior talents and bravery of Charles.—Thus suddenly eclipsed by the happier star of another; and painfully beholding his own deformity, in the bright mirror of that other's excellence; he grew to hate him for his virtues: he brooded over his meritorious actions, as if they had been so many personal injuries; and then formed the resolution of devoting his whole soul, to the task of embittering his rival's days.

The first of his efforts was directed towards mortifying and disgracing Charles: it proved abortive: to mortify, was an act out of the power of his contemptuous insolence; and the attempt at

disgracing, invariably terminated in rousing some latent fine quality, or in displaying, under a more decided light, some brilliant service of his rival's, which had lain hitherto, unobserved.

After parting at Mantua, Wurtzburgh did not lose sight of his object. Every-body spoke of the gallant Count Leopoldstat, and by so doing, contributed to feed the fire which smouldered unsuspected, in the bosom of the other.—At length, Wurtzburgh became master of a splendid fortune; he obtained the command of a regiment; was surrounded with flatterers and dependents, with power and wealth, yet still he continued to detest the man who could no longer obstruct his advancement.

This Hatred, monstrous, powerful, and unconquerable, was now, the very twin of his soul. He suffered it to rule and impel all his actions so long, that he was become its slave: to satiate its inordinate appetite, he meditated the temporary sacrifice of all his dearest gratifications; he resolved to cast off old habits, dress his manners in the garb most likely to impose on Charles, and by insinuating himself into his confidence, learn where to strike the unfailing death-blow of his peace.

For this purpose he visited Leopoldstat in Vienna; and by a bold confession of his former moroseness, linked to an appearance of generous reliance, paved the way to intimacy.

A few interviews were sufficient for settling the

plan of this perfidious wretch.—Easily did he perceive that Charles was to be pierced only through the heart of his brother; and that consequently whenever he could plunge him, into guilt or misery, his views would be accomplished.

The inconsiderate vivacity and glowing temperament of Demetrius; his romantic credulity and rash sincerity; the tenacity of his affections; the quickness with which they were conceived, and the pain with which they were abandoned; his sensibility to beauty; his dread of ridicule; and, above all, a slight tincture of vanity, encouraged Wurtzburgh's most sanguine hopes. Nature seemed to have created the poor youth with all these properties, (and with a face and figure which were destined to cost him many trials :) as if merely to be the instrument of this man's vengeance.

Fixing his whole aim upon him, therefore, he became reconciled to the guarded reserve with which Charles instinctively repelled his advances towards confidence: It was now enough for his scheme if he could but retain a good name, and be permitted to enter with apparent zeal into the interests of Demetrius.

Charles never dreamed of opposing a zeal so conducive to his brother's advancement: he saw nothing reprehensible in the conduct of Wurtzburgh, though he met with little in it which conciliated affection. He was no gamester, no drunk

ard, he associated with respectable men, and, except in the single instance of keeping a mistress, appeared perfectly correct: even this, might have been but a temporary deviation from better principles.

Contenting himself with advising Demetrius not to accept too much kindness; nor to let mere habitual intercourse produce that intimate confidence which ought to spring only from an accordance of taste, principles, and feelings, Charles continued to receive and to visit Wurtzburgh without suspicion. Meanwhile, the growing passion of Demetrius for Madame de Fontainville, had been attentively watched by this pretended friend.—Appearing completely ignorant of it, he was enabled to increase it in a thousand ways. Sometimes he discussed the perils and sorrows of her desolate lot; sometimes he related encomiums which he had heard her pass upon Demetrius; then he counted the number of her admirers, jested about the eclat of exiling them all; or perhaps said more seriously, that the preference of such an idolized woman, was a million of times superior in value to that of one less admired.

No sooner was Demetrius fixed in the Tyrol, and Madame de Fontainville able to receive visitors than Wurtzburgh hastened to send up his name, and inquire if she had any commands for him to obey in Bolzano. At that magic name, he was sure her doors would open; they did so. He

found her ill and irresolute ; meditating a journey to Bolzano, which he, (seeming unsuspecting of its object) vehemently seconded. His fatal representations, and perpetual allusions to their young friend, fixed her before wandering purposes.—She repaired to the Tyrol.—There, it is needless to say how ardently the Colonel devoted himself to the task of ruining two artless people, by indulging their censurable attachment ; by dissipating their sober thoughts, in worthless amusements ; and by striving to make Demetrius yield himself up in despair, to complete depravity.

The abrupt departure of this deceived young man, together with his incoherent note, satisfied Wurtzburgh that one part of his scheme had taken effect : the other he immediately put into a train of success. In an elaborate letter (as if written by an inhabitant of Bolzano, jealous of a parent's honour,) he gave the Marquis de Liancour the most positive assurance of his daughter's seduction ; and then stimulated him to revenge it. De Liancour was a man of quick passions. No sooner did he receive this vile forgery, than he hastened to Bolzano ; where, finding Zaire, (whom he had hitherto believed in Vienna) terrifying her into wild expressions, which his prejudice ever took for confessions of guilt, he proceeded in search of Demetrius. He then learned to repent his credulity.

No suspicion could light upon Colonel Wurtz-

burgh during all this transaction. Charles when he visited him, was incapable of harbouring an idea that he had wilfully accelerated the wretchedness of his brother ; but he spoke of his indiscreet indulgence, with serious displeasure. It was in vain that the artful Colonel deprecated resentment, by bewailing the romantic friendship which had prompted him to rely upon his favourite's virtue, and to grant him some latitude ; he protested, that he had imagined the passion of both to be of too pure a cast, to warrant a single doubt of its ultimate innocence ; and then appealed to Demetrius himself, for a corroboration of the repeated exhortations he had given him on that subject.

For the losses at hazard, the Colonel urged, that he was no farther culpable, than in not being able to endure the sight of a friend's pecuniary distress : nay, he was a professed detester of such games, was himself a sufferer by Madame de Marienthal's skill, and never had played but from a mistaken wish of engaging the lovers in something capable of drawing away their thoughts from each other. He further added, that had he not been profoundly ignorant of the young Count's finances, (the limits of which he now heard for the first time), he would not, even though thus urged, have countenanced the youth in risking what appeared to him then, an inconsiderable sum.

Charles admitted the force of these palliations :

but he reminded Wurtzburgh, that he was of an age when friendship shews itself in steady acts of kindness, authorized by reason and rectitude, in tender restraint and wholesome censure; not in boyish indulgence of pernicious inclinations. He then admonished him, to consult in future, the honour of a friend, rather than his gratification. Wurtzburgh assumed an air of contrition, professed to be struck with a sense of his error, to see the whole affair under a new light; in short to be so penetrated with the conviction of his own faultiness, as to find no other way of silencing his conscience than by cancelling the pecuniary obligations between him and Demetrius.

This proposal was crushed by the spirited Charles. His soul abhorred the very thought of accepting favours from any persons but such as he loved; from them, obligation was delight; for he never yet could determine which was the sweetest pleasure, *to give or to receive*.

Firmly, yet courteously did he reject all the Colonel's importunities; leaving him rebuked into a rancour so poisonous, as to be with difficulty concealed.

As Charles pursued his solitary journey towards Austria, the clangor of martial music, swelling louder at every strain, warned him of the approach of troops. He drew up his horse, (for he was in a

narrow defile among the mountains,) and suffered the regiment to pass.

The meridian sun glittering to excess upon their arms, prevented him from distinguishing the face of a group of officers who were riding in the rear; but through the confusion of their gay clamour he thought he recognized the voice of Count Forshiem; at the same moment, Forshiem rode out of the ranks, and saluted him.

There was such a genuine glow of pleasure in the manner of this young man, that Charles stretched out his hand to him, and while they with difficulty reined-in their proudly-prancing chargers, exchanged hearty assurances of continued esteem.

Suddenly an idea struck Leopoldstat, upon which he mused for a few moments, then telling the Count he would turn back with him awhile, walked his horse beside him.

The other officers bowed, and galloped forwards. Forsheim had said he was going into quarters near Agoro, and Charles knew that in Forshiem, Demetrius would find a companion better suited to the present state of his mind, than any one of the men, composing Colonel Wurtzburgh's corps:—to be sure, it was a galling thing thus to bind himself by obligation, to the happy lover of Adelaide; but ought so selfish a consideration, to deter him from adopting a mode of comforting his brother?—such weakness, was impossible to Charles.

Briefly apologizing, therefore, for the liberty he was about to take, he sketched the situation of Demetrius; merely disclosing as much as was necessary to inform his auditor, that Demetrius was unhappy. Forshiem entered zealously into his concern: promised to seek and cultivate the friendship of a young man whose excellent character came doubly recommended from the affection borne him by such a brother; and finally engaged to send faithful accounts of his spirits, health, and occupations.

After this, they parted: Forshiem charged with communicating Charles's respects to Marshal Ingersdorf, who was then at Munich; and Charles with a heart, which in spite of himself, was the heavier for having met the Count.

He was now commencing a correspondence with the only amiable man in creation, with whom such intimacy would be painful; should it lead to unlimited confidence, should he become the depository of Forshiem's tenderest secret, should he write to him of Adelaide, (and when were happy lovers reserved!)—how was it to be borne?

"It must be borne, however:" was the answer which burst with a sigh from his aching heart, as he unconsciously spurred his horse forward.

On reaching Vienna, he hastened to Baron Ingersdorf, for he was anxious to tell him how well his brother had acted, to palliate his past errors, and

to consult with him on the best means of raising the money requisite to pay Wurtzburgh.

The Baron heard him with undisguised pleasure; nay he caught part of his enthusiasm, and protested he longed to embrace and applaud the young Demetrius. Ingersdorf was not one of those friends who freeze the ardours of rejoicing affection—he had no cold doubts to urge, no fear-awakening queries to put, no hope-nipping cautions with which to deaden honest reliance. He believed implicitly, that Charles was satisfied upon just grounds.

After arranging the money business, the Baron said with great kindness,

“ I have foreborne to offer you this sum, my dear Leopold, even as a loan, because I know it is your principle never to accept any thing from another, which you could procure for yourself. I love the independence of such a spirit too much to thwart it by importunity; but since I know you will alienate for awhile, all your means of answering exigencies, I must insist upon your promising to apply to me as to a father, should any accident, render your income inadequate to your own or your brother's wants.”

A friendly pressure of Ingersdorf's hand, enforced his words.

The before-pale cheek of Charles took a momentary glow, as he answered—

“Willingly do I promise: indeed, Sir, it is not a sullen thanks-hating spirit which makes me so rigid about obligation: ’tis downright honesty. Dishonest I cannot help thinking it, for a man to let another pay his debts, while he has the power of doing it himself; even though he reduce himself to a crust and water; but that done, and misfortune, not extravagance, bringing him into pecuniary difficulties, I give him leave to accept assistance from his friend.”

“No, no,—replied the Baron, it must be before he begins to quaff Adam’s beverage. When you call upon me, for a little idle gold, you shall prove that you had drank my health not an hour previous, in a bumper of excellent Rhenish.”

“Thus it must be under your roof,” returned Charles, smiling, “for I never drank it, or any other wine, under my own—my blood has quite fire enough in itself: too much I fear.”

“I know not where all this fiery blood is gone then, of late, (observed the Baron; regarding him with an air of concern,) I know not what is the matter with you Charles, but you are strangely altered. One is forced to remember that you were some time ago, healthful, cheerful, and handsome: for I protest your present appearance, puts it out of a man’s power to call you so, now. I remarked it the other day to my niece, who”—

The vivid colours which now spread over the

face of Charles, and the disorder with which he turned away his eyes, arrested the current of his friend's speech. The Baron stopped a moment, then said apprehensively—

“Are you, also, in love?”

Leopolstat's agitation increased; he moved hastily to a window, and stood there in silence.

Ingersdorf suffered this suspense for some time: at length approaching him, and kindly taking his hand, he resumed—

“And may I ask the name of your mistress?”

Charles turned round, his manly face all in a glow of painful feelings.

“O Sir,” he cried, “I know not what to say in extenuation of my folly.”

A deep sigh closed this short sentence. The Baron stood appalled. This was a discovery for which he was wholly unprepared, and he could not speedily overcome the astonishment and perplexity it caused him.

His young friend resumed.

“It is impossible for me to justify myself, after the generous warning you once gave me, upon this very subject. I acknowledge myself guilty of a fault, for which I must pay the price of—a life perhaps, of regret!--no matter:--I, only, shall suffer; Mam'selle Ingersdorf will remain ignorant, even of the claim I have on her compassion. It was my intention long ago, to have made this avowal, and

so have explained inconsistencies, which otherwise, were unpardonable ; I might then have obtained your permission to absent myself wholly : but I know not how it is—such a girlish bashfulness ever restrains me, whenever I have to talk of my softer feelings, that I could not summon up courage to brave it.”

“ Excellent Leopoldstat ! upright, candid young man ! ” exclaimed the Baron, “ would to heaven that Adelaide were my daughter ! the next hour should make you my son. And so, Adelaide is ignorant of this attachment ? ”

Some confusion appeared in the eyes of Charles, while he stammered out—“ I would wish her to be so : and I have never wilfully tried to make her otherwise ; but mine is a tell-tale face, I fear at all times : and when the heart is hurried out of itself with admiration, and unexpected hope, it—it ”—

“ I understand you,” interrupted the Baron. “ Our poor Adelaide ! then she is not indifferent to your merit ? this unexpected hope that you speak of ”—

Charles was hastily going to recal what he thought injurious to the delicacy of his mistress, but the Baron silenced him.

“ Come, come, you must not be sincere by halves. You need not fear being called either silly or presumptuous : the latter, no one could term you did you aspire to a Queen’s heart ; and the former,

I must say nothing about, having myself loved most tenderly. During the reign of my passion, be assured I heartily subscribed to the illustrious Englishman's remark, that "it is not given to the wisest of men, to love, and to be wise."

Encouraged by this indulgence, Charles confessed the momentary convictions of Adelaide's preference, with which his fond heart had frequently been surprized: declared his resolution of avoiding further intercourse with one so dangerous to his peace, Fortune having put it out of his power to hope any thing from that preference, even should some unforeseen event, prevent her union with Count Forsheim. Baron Ingersdorf looked at him with an approving smile.--"I wish you were less heroic!" he cried, "yet you would not delight me as you do, if you were so. Had you but slumbered over this self-examination, a month or two longer and made the dear girl so in love with you, as to hate this Forshiem, her father must have given her to you, perforce.

"On my soul, I do believe, that want of fortune, would not be an atom in the scale against you, if the other man were out of the way."

"Oh Sir! why do you call up such seducing and vain ideas!"--Charles mournfully exclaimed. "I see my fate, and will meet it with honour. The partiality of Marshal Ingersdorf, and the fine qualities of Count Forshiem, were additional motives

to the self-examination you sportively censure. When Mam'selle Ingersdorf is for ever removed from me, and I engaged in active employment, you shall see me recover myself. Mine is a heart very refractory to the tyrannical god ; and possibly it is for that reason he rules it so cruelly."

The levity of Leopolstat's concluding words, and the smile he dressed them in, were wretchedly suited to his quivering lip and agitated voice. He waited not for reply, but abruptly left the place.

The Baron remained lost in thought.

The result of this thought, was a letter to his brother, in which he roundly reprobated him for restraining the freedom of a daughter's choice, trusted him with the conversation which had just passed between him and Leopolstat, (upon whom he lavished many encomiums :) paid a few forced compliments to Forshiem, averring at the same time, that as he had never seen Adelaide since she was a child till the day they passed together in Vienna, his heart could not be affected by a change in her father's resolutions. He then besought him to weigh the importance of the subject, and be decided, not by superior fortune, but by the prospect of happiness for his child.

Our good Baron was so anxious to learn the real strength of his production, that he could scarcely forbear reading it to his wife and niece ; that, however, prudence forbade. He contented himself

therefore, with sending for the Baroness, and unburthening his mind of all the late events relative to Charles : his attachment alone excepted.

It would be vain to conceal, that Baron Ingersdorf's weak point was an inability to keep admiration shut up within his own heart. When he knew any thing highly honourable to a friend, even though the particulars were given in confidence, he burned to impart them to the persons he most loved. It was not in his nature to enjoy singly, the pleasure of contemplating human excellence. Deriving the most sensible delight, from reaping for the praiseworthy, their full harvest of praise, he was often led into trifling breaches of confidence : but they were seldom hurtful, being chiefly confined to his own domestic circle. He now detailed the whole of Charles's troubles about Demetrius : amplified, and swelled, and particularized, and commented upon every one of them ; and finally dismissed the Baroness with a strict charge of secrecy. A charge, which she observed precisely after his own fashion, by retailing the whole conversation to her niece.

Ah poor Adelaide ! how did thy tender heart throb, thy downcast eyes fill with tears of boundless love, while the virtues of thy Charles, were thus brought closer to thee than ever !—How did filial duty, and devoted preference, struggle for the mastery of a soul, which, till now, was ignorant of such conflicts ! How deeply wast thou convinced, that

neither time nor absence, could eradicate a passion, growing out of the very root of virtue, twining itself with every noble and amiable sentiment: a passion, which required not the presence of its object to be refreshed and invigorated; but having for its vital principle, conviction of that object's excellence; would bid defiance to decay, and flourish as long as his excellence should endure!

Hard is the task, when we enjoin reason to destroy, what reason herself has fostered! Adelaide sickened at the command; and, though conscious that her destiny, was already fixed by a father's decree, she could not help casting "many a longing, lingering look behind," upon those moments in which she had flattered herself with being dear to Charles.

So well had Baron Ingersdorf managed for his young friend, that no censure whatever, was passed upon him by the Archduke. Nay, when Charles presented himself at his gate, he was admitted to his Royal Highness's lonely breakfast, and received with so much graciousness, that we fear our good Baron's tongue had not failed there, of its usual friendly indiscretion.

The appointment of Aid-de-camp, which the Prince now ratified, facilitated Leopoldstat's endeavour of avoiding Adelaide. The symptoms of an approaching war, roused the activity of military speculation: often employed for whole days together in

consulting with his illustrious namesake about the opening of the first campaign, and in studying with him, the topography of the hitherto peaceful country where it was likely to be made, Charles contrived to absent himself from Madame Ingersdorf's, without appearing chargeable with caprice.

The Baron meanwhile, received the following laconic epistle, from his whimsical brother:—

“ My dear  *James*

“ At this moment I give you the heartiest shake of the hand, that ever you had in your life.

“ I love the friendly zeal, and plain-speaking of your letter: in return for which, I say Adelaïde must marry the man I have brought her up for.— As soon as this cursed law-suit comes to an end, she shall.

“ He has not his fellow upon earth; whatever you may think: and after she knows all the good of him, that I can tell her, I have no fear of her not loving him.

“ Her approbation of that excellent varlet, Count Leopoldstat, (which you would scare me out of my wits at, if you could; but you can't;) is the best proof I can have of her heart's being *winable* only by a brave and upright man. That's just what I hoped it would be.

“However, as I don’t want to make that abominable young puppy at all unhappy, you may send Adelaide home, as soon as possible.—The sooner the better.

Your loving brother,

MAXAMILIAN INGERSDORF.”

The Baron was not a little disappointed at this obstinate decision: he saw ~~with~~ concern, that Adelaide’s health and cheerfulness daily declined; that their once rich roses never visited her cheeks, except when Charles was mentioned.—To delay her departure, under such circumstances, would have been but cruel mercy: hoping something from the effect her altered spirits would have upon her father, he prepared to give up his charge, and commissioned his wife to tell her so.

Charles had just entered the drawing room at Ingersdorf-house, after a tedious Review, when the Baroness thus commissioned, made her appearance. Adelaide was mixing him a refreshing liquid, and trying to overcome her agitation, as she falteringly remarked his fading strength, and suggested the propriety of asking medical advice.

Tossing over some papers she held, the Baroness said abruptly, “I am so angry with that father of your’s, my dear!—from whom here is a letter for

you;—he has written to the Baron to send you home immediately. I am quite amazed.—”

A faint sound from Adelaide, interrupted her : at this hasty communication, which seemed to convey her sentence to this unhappy girl, she turned sick ; what she held fell from her slackened grasp ; and she herself, sunk in silence at the feet of Count Leopoldstat.

Scarcely could his trembling arms lift her from the ground, or sustain her there, while the affrighted Baroness ran backwards and forwards, seeking hartshorn and smelling salts.

As she hurried into her dressing-room, for Eau de Cologne, Charles, finding himself alone, could not forbear momentarily pressing to his heart, the motionless figure of Mam’selle Ingersdorf. Her sudden swoon had confirmed the dangerous delight of thinking himself beloved ; and in the fullness of that conviction, he repeated softly to himself “ *My Adelaide, my Adelaide !* ”

Whether the pressure, or the sound of his voice, operated to awaken Adelaide, is uncertain, but she did revive, and tears trickled through her still-closed eye-lashes.

A deep sigh which she heaved, as he fearfully slackened his hold round her waist, weakened his best resolves : at that moment, he would have sacrificed the remainder of his life, could it have procured for him the privilege of pouring out all the

tenderness and devotedness of his heart. But Forshheim was now his friend; Adelaide going to become that friend's wife. He rose hastily from the ground on which he had been kneeling, and had already laid her on a sofa, when the Baroness re-entered with the Baron.

Extreme distress was painted on the face of the latter; who required only a glimpse of Charles to understand all his feelings.

After swallowing the mixture prepared for her, Adelaide threw herself again on the sofa, unable to repress the tears, with which her floating hair was soon profusely wetted. Every sigh that came from her breast, pierced that of Charles, who remained gazing in complete abstraction on her beloved figure, till the Baron roused him into recollection. He then took his leave hastily.

Adelaide's fortitude was over for that day: She was even sensible of a little resentment at Charles, for preserving inflexible silence upon the only subject important to her happiness.

In the certainty, that the confession of that attachment, (which his eyes manifested:) would give her a strong plea for urging her own wishes to her father; she almost forgot to admire the heroic uprightness of his reserve: but Adelaide was in love, and upon the point of losing the deserving object of her preference!—

After this interval of weakness, both Charles

and Mam'selle de Ingersdorf, schooled themselves into just as much self-command, as enabled them a few days subsequent, to part for ever, without betraying their mutual suffering. But so unsuccessful had been the efforts of the former, to recover his tranquillity, that when his eyes followed the carriage which bore her into Bavaria, he exclaimed, inwardly, "Now have I nothing to live for, except my brother."

CHAP. XII.

NO sooner did Colonel Wurtzburgh recover from the fit of spleen, into which Leopoldstat's gentle reproofs had thrown him ; no sooner did he dress his dissembling face in false sorrow ; than he proceeded to the quarters of his young associate. There he complained of the harshness with which he had been treated, for a mere error of judgment ; and protested, that nothing short of conscious integrity could have supported him under the unmerited censure of a man whom he esteemed above all mankind.

Demetrius pleaded the ardour of a brother's affection ; which, to lessen the fault of its object, became unknowingly, unjust. For himself, he professed to be convinced of the Colonel's good intentions and sincerely grieved therefore, that his brother should have doubted them.

In the conversation which ensued, Wurtzburgh saw that to retain any influence over Demetrius, he must assume the tone of Charles :—This he did, so

admirably, as to make Demetrius regret the lurking prejudice of his almost-faultless brother.

The resolutions of virtue formed by Demetrius, did not end with the strong emotion that produced them. He requested Wurtzburgh never to speak of Madame de Fontainville; but trusting to his firm determination of conquering the pernicious passion she had inspired, leave him in silence to struggle, in silence to suffer.

The Colonel promised: yet not without indulging a secret hope, of soon being able to bring about another meeting:—An event, which in his opinion was alone wanting, to revive the extravagant wishes of Demetrius: on this event he vainly reckoned. The Marquis de Liancour having received an invitation from one of the French Princes, to accompany him into England, had gladly consented; taking with him, his unhappy, and too-charming daughter.

Unable to comprehend how Demetrius could resign, if he loved her; and still insensible to the criminality of indulging such an attachment while irrevocably bound to another; Zaire answered her lover's last letter, by indiscreet reproaches.

Nothing could have injured her cause so much as this conduct.

The heart of Demetrius awakened to a consciousness of guilt, now anxiously sought for some answering sentiment in that of the woman he still

idolized. It secretly recoiled from the evidence before him, that her soul was incapable of catching the enthusiasm of his.

Fain, fain, would he have thought her, as he had once done, the perfection of female worth!

The discourses of Charles, had infused new ideas of feminine character, into his mind; and when he compared them with that of his too-dear Zaire, he turned away from the comparison with painful disquiet.

Count Forshiem's society, and a temporary absence of Colonel Wurtzburgh, fortunately ripened these good fruits of reflection.

Demetrius, every day grew more composed; steadily pursued the severest studies with intense application; and though his new friend would often see his features agitated by sudden recollections, or behold him start away, and bury a violent burst of anguish in solitude, still he knew him resolute in the endeavour of regaining his brother's esteem.

Forsheim was so skilled in his profession, and so accomplished in every manly exercise, that he was never at a loss for methods to vary the occupations of Demetrius; and there was so much constant happiness in his sun-burnt countenance, that he might be said to carry about with him such a care-ending atmosphere, as dwells upon lofty mountains.

From admiring this happiness, young Leopold-

stat at length proceeded to feel its amiable contagion; and though his lonely nights were passed but too often in weak regret, in all the excess of wildly-remembered passion; his days were given to interesting employment, during which, he was able to repel the seducing image of Zaire, whenever it intruded.

The warm applause with which all Charles's letters were filled, contributed in no small degree, to animate the despairing heart of Demetrius. Judicious praise is the aliment of virtue: Demetrius found it so; and now looked to that brother with increased fondness; as if his tender nature could not exist without lavishing on another object what it was forced to take from Madame de Fontainville.

As those that have been sick, best know how to estimate health: so, it is only the penitent sinner, who can tell the unspeakable joys of a reconciled conscience.—Demetrius felt these joys: and frequently after the pang of sudden regret had quivered through every nerve, became sensible to an exulting glow, which repaid him for all his sufferings.

Count Forshiem won upon his affection, without endeavouring to penetrate his melancholy secret: so that by the time Colonel Wurtzburgh returned to the regiment, he found a monitor near his victim, little inferior to the hated Charles.

In vain he urged his young friend to seek comfort in social pleasures : Demetrius had lost his relish for them. He was now much better pleased in a solitary ride with Forshiem, (opposing his genius to the other's experience ; while they solved military problems ;) than when he had been the enlivening principle of a whole assembly.

The young men, were at this time deeply engaged in trying to discover the materials which composed the celebrated Greek Fire.* Many, were the ridiculous results of their wild experiments ; producing all the effect Forshiem intended, that of making Demetrius laugh. His heart was too humane, seriously to seek a discovery, which applied again to its former use, might add another to the many tremendous engines invented for human destruction :—yet he would not lose such an opportunity of diverting the thoughts of his friend into new channels.

In their wanderings over the Bellunese, they saw the ground with soldiers' eyes ; and frequently

* This terrible composition, was invented by an Egyptian in the eighth century, and was first used at the memorable siege of Constantinople.

It may be necessary perhaps, to inform some readers, that it was a bituminous mixture, (the secret of which, has not come down to later ages ;) propelled from metal tubes, and producing an unquenchable fire.

Demetrius forgot to remark its beauties, in the ardour with which he canvassed the advantages and disadvantages it presented, for attack or defence.

Forshiem encouraged this growing taste ; and suffered nothing to escape, which could assist his benevolent endeavours ; in short, he turned every thing into lessons of that science, which it was now patriotism to study.

They were one evening returning from a long ride, and the shadows were deepening fast, as they entered a precipitous defile ; when Demetrius stopped to reconnoitre what he called an admirable situation for two pieces of ordnance, with which he engaged to defend the pass against a prodigious number of enemies. Forshiem laughing outrageously at the adroitness with which, like all other system-makers he had pushed away every invincible obstacle, forgot he was on horseback ; and his horse suddenly starting, he was thrown off.

The mischief to himself was trifling : but the accident had caused such alarm to an old ecclesiastic and his niece, who were crossing the valley, that Forshiem could do no less than apologize. The young lady was in a tremor of benevolent apprehension : however, she soon recovered on being led into a neighbouring cottage, where not only her uncle, but Demetrius, and the unlucky Count, assisted in quieting her nerves.

Mutual railleries upon their separate enthu-

siasm, awkwardness, and weakness, succeeded to their momentary confusion; the old gentleman laid the blame of the accident entirely to the account of a huge umbrella, which he had unfortunately extended in the energy of discourse, before the startled horse; and the younger ones, scrupled not to felicitate themselves, upon the prospect of having made an agreeable acquaintance, merely at the cost of a bruised shoulder.

At parting, they exchanged names.—The old cottager, who had hitherto seen little more of the friends than their shining uniforms, no sooner heard the name of Leopoldstat, than hastily putting down a flaggon of wine she held, and fitting on a pair of spectacles, exclaimed, “Blessed virgin! is it your lordship?”

Demetrius, who was just stooping under her vine-covered porch, turned back at the fluttered voice, and restraining grasp: his benign smile, confirmed her error.

She dropped upon her knees; “O this is a blessing, to see your Lordship under my humble roof!—Sure you cannot forget old Natalie!—’Tis full five years since I met your Lordship at my poor Gasper’s death-bed, and yet”——Here she broke off, and the tears fell over her clasped hands.

—“You mistake me for some one else;” said Demetrius, raising her from the ground,—“I never was in this country before.”

“O! that was always your honour’s way I’m told—you wouldn’t have your good deeds known: but I tell ’em every day to the blessed saints.—Your Lordship knows it was in Alsace.”

“Most likely you mean my brother,” interrupted Demetrius. The cottager looked at him a few moments while he smilingly took off his Hussar cap.—He shook back his luxuriant hair, which parted like clouds rolling away from the soft brightness of the moon. Forshiem, at that instant thought he had never before seen so charming a countenance; and the poor woman hesitated, as if unwilling to resign her delightful error.

“Yes;—it must have been your brother, Sir,” she said at length,—“five years ago, he was the model of what you are now.—But to be sure, fighting, and sleeping among snows without a bed, and being shut up in towns as were besieged, and so starving like, must have taken away all his nice fresh colour; but still—he must be the handsomest gentleman that ever these eyes shall see.”

The clergyman and his niece who had returned into the cottage, with the young man, now joined old Natalie’s anxiety to know if the Count Leopoldstat they were then addressing, was her benefactor Count Charles. Demetrius quickly satisfied them, and learned in return, the following circumstances.

During each campaign, it had always been the benevolent custom of Charles to visit his sick sol-

diers, after every engagement. In one of these visits, he had been greatly affected by the situation of a very brave serjeant, who, though wounded incurably, expressed no solicitude about life, except for the sake of an aged parent, then on her way to receive his last farewell.

Natalie arrived time enough to soothe the dying hour of her only child; and to see him yield his breath in peace, relying on a promise of protection for her, which was given him by his Captain.—From that period she lived on a small pension from Charles; which, together with a collection he made for her amongst his brother officers, sufficed to restore her to her own country, where she now shared the cottage of a surviving sister.

These circumstances, were not uncommon; but Natalie's gratitude made her eloquent, young Leopold's delighted attention rendered him interesting, and therefore the rest of the party could not listen to the recital without glistening eyes.

"What a brother I have!" exclaimed Demetrius, (following Forshiem from the cottage, after having left in Natalie's hand as he shook it, a piece of gold.) "That is a charming old woman too.—So much ardour in her praises!—Taking me for Charles, has absolutely won my heart.—We'll visit her every day, Ferdinand."

"I certainly cannot pay any compliment to your gallantry," observed the Count, "for you stood

gazing enamoured at this aged fair one, without appearing to remember that there was a young and a pretty one, listening to your mutual raptures. But if your taste really runs in the same channel with Charles's, preferring the sight of old age made happy, to youth with all its attractions, I'm at your service for a daily lounge."

The next morning, their visit was duly paid to Natalie; after which our Hussars proceeded to the house of Soldini, the good ecclesiastic.

It was an humble mansion sunk among bowers of orange and myrtle trees; delightfully sheltered by steep hills, clothed with vineyards and mulberry grounds, from which, every sweeping breeze came laden with sweets. Domestic comfort reigned throughout the little domain: peace and cheerfulness, sat on the countenance of its master.

He led his guests from the house into the garden, where his orphan nieces were gathering flowers: at sight of him, Lorenza, the eldest (for the other was a child,) relinquished her employment, and advanced lightly forward.

Both the Friends were agreeably surprized at the graces of her little person, and wondered they had not admired it more in the cottage. But Lorenza's was a figure which owed its greatest charm to a sylph-like airiness, that was the more striking when seen from a distance: her complexion lost much of its brightness, when she was not in exer-

cise ; and such as saw her when she was otherwise than gay, saw her not. Freshness, frankness, and youth, were her only beauties ; yet these, formed a face, which every one felt handsome, and called otherwise.

Our Hussars, were so pleased with Lorenza's enchanting vivacity, and her uncle's good sense ; and found the fruits and ices of which they partook under the shade of an accacia, so very refreshing, that for the first time since they had been together, they forgot the very name of war.

The clock of an adjoining monastery struck four separate hours, before they thought of departing. Mutual expressions of pleasure, mutual assurances of cultivating mutual intimacy ; smiles, bows, nods, and shakes of the hand, were then exchanged over the little gate, that let the young men into the foot road.

" I have heard my father observe," said Forshiem, " that great spirits, make great fools ; but I beg leave to dissent, since I have seen Lorenza Soldini. We have made a most agreeable acquaintance, Leopoldstat ; don't you think so ?"

" Indeed I do," returned the other, " if the good pastor will not be afraid of admitting us too often, we may find his house a relief after hard study. There is just a due mixture of ease and modesty, in the manners of his niece ; and she has such an animating countenance !"

“ ’Tis a very odd one, faith !” exclaimed Forshiem, “ it reminded me in five minutes, of every agreeable face I had ever seen in my life : men’s and women’s, the handsome, and the plain, the amiable, and the sublime. Surely, such a delightful variety in expression, atones for the absence of critical beauty.”

“ Oh, beauty, syren beauty !” said Demetrius in a tone of deep sadness—“ why do we prize it so, when it bewitches away our guardian angel, reason? —Lorenza is much better without it.”

He then sunk into sudden silence, from which not all the friendly efforts of Forshiem could effectually rouse him. His heart was full of Madame de Fontainville : some evanescent expression of Lorenza Soldini’s changeful eyes, had forcibly recalled the most seducing looks of her’s ; and all the tenderness that inspired them, now pressed upon his memory.

These reflections no longer maddened his brain ; but they created a melancholy, far more oppressive. Certain that he had parted from Zaire for ever, he thought that with her, he relinquished the animating sentiment in which his nature could alone find happiness. The thrilling pleasures of mutual love, seemed to have vanished from his youthful sight, and a dreary void alone stretched before him.

For that day, Forshiem ceased to disturb his friend’s reveries ; but on the next, he beguiled him

into writing to his brother, an occupation which was of all others best calculated to refresh his fainting spirit.

The correspondence between Charles and Forshiem, though regular and various, never once verged towards those topics in which young men with engaged hearts, are apt to indulge: it was so wholly made up of remarks on men, books, and accidental occurrences, that a third person reading their separate letters, would have pronounced them absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge.

The Count now detailed at length, their visit to the pastor of———believing he should not stand acquitted of his promise, without thus enabling Charles to watch over every new connection of his brother's.

With Wurtzburgh, Forshiem associated because Demetrius still stiled him friend: but he did it without one particle of esteem: the Colonel in return eyed him with secret vexation. He saw in him a strong barrier opposed to his sanguine prospect of converting the desperate state of young Leopold's mind, into the means of his ultimate destruction, and he therefore postponed his views, without relinquishing them.

Assuming the habits of the friends, he frequently joined their rides, and walks to the worthy pastor's; nay, old Natalie had her share of attention, and was once or twice presented by him with a silk

gown and hood, for festival days. Demetrius could not help inwardly acknowledging the general superiority of Forshiem; yet at those moments he would say to himself, "Wurtzburgh is a worthy fellow!"—and he said this the oftener for thinking it the less.

When he wrote to Charles, his heart prompted the warmest eulogium of their mutual friend: for he rightly judged that to the noble nature of his brother, such praises would be consoling, as it was only in the excellence of his rival that he could find consolation for resigning Adelaide.

Charles in return, did not suffer Demetrius to employ his thoughts about conjecturing the fate of Madame de Fontainville: he was conscious that the woman who has once been loved, must ever be interesting; and therefore when he heard occasionally from her father, he spoke of them in his letters. This conduct was equally humane and judicious: it lulled the anxious fears, while it awakened the still-livelier thankfulness of Demetrius; whose tears now and then stealing down upon these letters, flowed as much from gratitude as from regret.

The society at the pastor's, contributed in no slight degree to efface the impressions of unhallowed passion. Soldini had the happy art of never losing sight of his sacred function, even in the most social hours: his conversation always led to reflections which bettered the heart, and elevated the

mind. In his life, you read the beauty of his doctrines ; in his countenance you saw the blessedness of his soul.

Demetrius daily gathered from him, new stores of principle, which insensibly left no room for selfish and inordinate desire. He became reconciled to the blow which had severed him from Zaire : and while playing with the little Simmonetta, (Soldini's youngest niece ;) lost every painful remembrance in genuine gaiety.

The pretty sportiveness of this child, the whimsical archness of her sister, the contagious cheerfulness of Forshiem were so many salutary medicines which brought back the health and spirits of Demetrius : and though a loud sigh would often arrest a loud laugh, yet he laughed again the very next moment.

Nearly three months had elapsed since the young men's introduction to the worthy pastor, when the clashing interests of the congress at Rastadt, and the rapid changes in military dispositions, announced another war. The brigade in which they were, was ordered to proceed further into the Venetian states ; after which it was probable their regiments would be separated. This was a severe mortification to both.

They took leave of the pastor's family, with an emotion which was only excelled by that of the once-gay Lorenza, who now sat bathed in tears by the

side of Forshiem ; while her little sister clung round the neck of Demetrius, repeating the unrestrained kiss of childhood, and sobbing out an intreaty that he would not leave them.

Demetrius loved this endearing child, with such unaffected warmth, that he could scarcely call up a single smile to sooth her grief.

Soldini regarded him with a painful excess of pity ; for he thought less of their present separation than their eternal one, which the fate of war, rendered so probable.

After this removal, the regiment of Wurtzburg, was cantoned in the Trevisane ; that to which Forshiem belonged, in the Vicentin : Wurtzburg now had his destined prey within his grasp, and only waited for an opportunity (which he trusted young Leopold's character would soon furnish :) to overwhelm him in irrevocable ruin.

Scarcely had the reviving Demetrius began to indulge in dreams of future fame, upon the romantic banks of the Livenza, when an incident occurred, which promised a recompence for his past sufferings.

The winter had set in, with peculiar severity ; yet he frequently braved its piercing air, wrapt up in his pelisse, musing on times gone, and times to come.

The absence of his friend Forshiem ; and the new light in which his altered habits made him behold Wurtzburg ; some tender recollections of

scenes long since over, never to be renewed, conspired with a dark tempestuous night, about the end of December, to depress his spirits more than usual. As he passed the sentinels, their cheerful songs, or careless whistle, called up a train of thoughts upon the miseries of that superior cultivation, which serves only to render our moral sense, more exquisite to pain :—He contrasted his blighted feeling with their jovial thoughtlessness ; and pondering on the brevity of that existence, of which so great a part had passed with him, solely in procuring himself sorrow, his reflections, clothed themselves in the following dress.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

O ! as I wander thus, and think how Time
Passeth away, and sweeps with mighty hand,
Our loves and comforts from us, I am sad ;
And, my heart aching, while my eyes o'erflow,
Beats to this mournful truth, That life is pain.
Why is it that with eager zeal we search
The volumes of philosophy, and build
The lofty dome of knowledge ?—Wherefore seek
To cherish subtle feeling, that will soon
Turn like a nurtured viper on the soul,
And sting the breast that warm'd it ?—O, to gain
All Wisdom's wealth to be soft Feeling's child,
Is but to barb and speed those venom'd darts

Of disappointment, which unerring Time
Will finally cast at us !—As we rove
Thro' this sad place of tears, we daily see
Friends falling from us ; death, or fickle change,
Wasting our dearest blessings : Every hour
Convinceth us, that all the pomp of rank,
The painted shadow, Pleasure, the gay cup
Which Dissipation offers ; one and all
Contain but honeyed poison :—Not a joy
Lives, save in quiet scenes of home-delight.
And even there—yes there, where we might hope
Peace would be for ever found ; piercing thoughts
Torture remembrance ; Ghosts of blissful days
Long since departed, never to return,
Haunt the wild heart ; while oft, with sudden force
Crime, or cold interest, from its present store
Will snatch its fondest treasure.—Could I then,
Yield up this restless feeling ; and wipe out
All memory of the past, all useless lore,
That only teaches me to be a wretch,
O ! I would do it gladly ; would kneel down
And thank that God who granted me the power.
For I am weary of this troubled life,
Tho' I have just but enter'd it ; and tho'
Youth with its earliest currents fills my veins,
Alas ! alas ! this is a heavy world ;
But for a better hope, its various ills
Could ne'er be borne !—

Abstracted from every thing outward, he had

wandered to a great distance ; when starting into recollection at the sound of repeated shrieks, he beheld one wing of a large building (which from its extent and magnificence, appeared to be the palace of some nobleman :) enveloped in flames.

It was evident that the wretched inhabitants were but just awakened to a sense of their situation for he saw only a few unclothed domestics, issuing from the lower apartments, and using frantic endeavours to rouse the sleepers at the other wing. Without a moment's consideration he rushed into the hall, flew up the lofty staircase, and forcing through the smoke and flames, (which a strong current of air from several uniting galleries, rendered tremendous :) burst into a room, where he beheld a sight that animated his exertions.

It was a lovely girl, wrapt only in the covering of her bed, and kneeling on the ground. Simple as was this drapery, yet it concealed her so carefully, that the most apprehensive delicacy would have chosen it. Demetrius caught only a glimpse of her terrified face, from the quantity of auburn hair, which escaping from its confinement, had fallen half-braided half-loose, over her neck : he saw no more of her figure than the hand grasping its covering, and two pretty little feet, whiter than ivory. I must do him the justice, to say, that he never once thought of prettiness, while he sprang forward.

“Save her! save her!” cried the distracted girl pushing away the hand he stretched out, and pointing to the floor, upon which lay a venerable lady devoid of sense.

“I can save ye both,” was his impetuous answer:—but, alas! when he came to lift the lady from the ground, he found her single weight as much as he could support.

He then hastily asked the trembling girl, if she had courage to follow him, and receiving a quicker affirmative, burst through the gathering fire. It was not till he reached the outside of the portico, that he found himself unaccompanied: Casting his still-senseless charge into the arms of strangers, while the flames spread over the whole face of the building, he hurried back in search of the younger lady.

The staircase had fallen in: but the distracted cries of the poor girl, becoming every moment fainter, forbade him to relinquish his enterprize. He flew again to the front; incoherently upbraiding the amazed by-standers, for seeking only to save the edifice, while a fellow-creature’s life was at stake.

Several voices now suddenly called out, The Princess!—the Princess!—They were unheard by Demetrius; who, mounting on the falling fragments of a collonade and climbing from point to

point, reached an open window, where the object of his search appeared.

At the hazard of both their lives, he bore her down in his arms, through the gathering flames, (which, happily the wind blew off the collonade ;) and at length reached the ground in safety.

The fire had destroyed half that beautiful hair, which had so often delighted the partial eyes of Charles, and had scorched one arm so much, as to render it impossible for him to conceal his bodily anguish ; yet Demetrius did not remember having crushed the flame upon his head as he dashed through the palace, and scarcely felt the torment of a burnt shoulder, while witnessing the joy of the rescued ladies.

“How shall I ever repay you, Sir ?”—asked the elder, rising from the arms of her companion. “My life was of no consequence except to this beloved child, for whose sake I do indeed value it: and you have saved her’s too !”

“The satisfaction of this moment, would o’erpay a much more hazardous action ;” replied Demetrius, “I would not part with my present feelings, for an empire !”

The younger lady caught his enthusiasm, exclaiming—“Whoever you are, Sir, I shall love you all my days.”

Demetrius turned at the sound of her thrilling voice ; and as the broad light blazed over a highly-

animated countenance, thought he had never before, seen one so delightful.

Half the palace was yet untouched :—the party now took shelter there ; while the servants, and military, by this time assembled, were employed in stifling the fire. Demetrius returned to assist in these needful exertions ; and after a short absence, brought back the agreeable intelligence, of all danger having terminated.

Mutual enquiries and answers, now followed : from which Demetrius learned, that the interesting young creature whose delicate form shivered before him, under a single miserable covering, was that admired Princess of Nuremburg, whom he had so often heard described :—and that the old lady was her invalid grandmother, the Duchess di Felieri.

After exchanging expressions of sincere pleasure at this singular rencontre, the ladies retired to their devotions ; and he took his station in the hall of the ruined wing, where a party of his own soldiers were placed to secure the palace from plunder.

“ If it be so sweet to save life,” he exclaimed, inwardly, rolling himself round in his cloak and laying down upon the floor, “ how dreadful must it be, to take it !”

This unlucky suggestion of a too tender heart, banished the sleep he was about to court ; and he spent

the few remaining hours of night in canvassing every objection, to a profession, the horrors of which, he had never before brought so close to his mental eye.

CHAP. XIII.

SO soon as decorum would permit, our young soldier went to the other wing, to inquire after its illustrious inhabitants:—he would have excused himself from seeing them on account of his disordered dress; but the excuse was not accepted. He was forced to appear.

The Duchess held out her hand to him.

“So, you have been up all night, to protect what this cruel fire has spared!—Why my dear Count, you absolutely revive the age of chivalry. I am almost tempted to rejoice at an event, which by bringing me acquainted with so much gallantry and intrepidity, has opportunely put me into good humour with the world, just before I have to quit it: for I would not willingly part in enmity, even with that. Come, sit you down, and don’t let me hear any more of your appearance:—On my life, I believe you have studied how to make it peculiarly becoming!—I see a barbarous attack meditated in that careless cluster of hair, that arm slung in a mi-

litary sash, that look of affecting langour ! Confess now, have you not tried all night to be pale and fatigued, to-day, that you might excite interest ?”

This lively sally would have disconcerted Charles, but Demetrius only momentarily blushing, said gaily,—“ If I could have had the most distant idea of so delightful a consequence resulting from such a plan, I should certainly have pursued it. But, so far from divining that, I candidly acknowledge that my vanity was not a little piqued this morning, by the image reflected on me by one of your Highness’s immense mirrors.”

“ Well ! well !” resumed the Duchess, laughing, “ that opportune blush, shews me how much more advantageous, colour is to your features, so I believe you must be acquitted of having endeavoured to rob them of it.”

A more serious conversation now ensued ; in which the venerable lady expressed herself, with a sensibility as uncommon at her age, as was her former extreme vivacity. While she was still speaking, Constantia entered.

Recovered from the terror of the preceding night, and bright with delight, she appeared to Demetrius like the morning star. No longer obscured, her lovely shape was attired in a habit that suited its airiness. The delicately-slender shape, her slight foot, and finely-turned ancle, her colour like the bloom of almond trees, her speaking eyes, and skin

transparently fair, not dazzlingly white, formed a decided contrast to the remembrance of Madame de Fontainville.

The latter, was like an alabaster copy of "that beauteous statue which enchants the world," animated into motion, and breathing only love: while the person of the other, seemed but the spiritualized dress of an etherial nature, through every part of which, the living principle, glowed vividly.

This very contrast, recalled Zaire, but the more forcibly to the mind of Demetrius. He gazed on the Princess with an expression too poignant to be unobserved: yet the Duchess attributed it to mere admiration.

The animation with which Demetrius had entered the Felieri Palace, was completely banished by this fatal remembrance. It pressed upon him with a force that seemed to reproach him for ever being happy. He forbade himself to think Constantia delightful: as if some mysterious power that had presided over his former passion, was foreseeing its extinction, and thus endeavouring to keep that passion alive.

How often during the reign of his wild infatuation, had he turned impatiently from the praises of this very Constantia, whose character, both Charles and Baron Ingersdorf, took pleasure in covertly opposing to that of Madame de Fontainville! How often had he vowed almost to hate her!

Memory, in recalling these circumstances, recalled a multitude of ecstatic moments, which now, could never return:—for the charm was broken; and in becoming sensible to the guilt of their attachment, he had lost that rapturous belief of Zaire's perfection, which made those moments so exquisite. Yet he loved her still;—painfully loved her!

The young Princess observing his sadness, checked her own vivacity, and turned the conversation immediately towards his brother.

Nothing could be so well adapted to allure back the cheerfulness of Demetrius: “It was his music, to speak the praise of Charles.” And now, encouraged by the sweet smiles of the Princess, and the repeated questions of the Duchess, he made his pægyric in the most animated terms. Sometimes he illustrated his remarks by sketches of the conduct which excited them; and sometimes, (where his own feelings forbade explanation;) he paused awhile, only to renew with greater energy the assurance of that brother's unequalled goodness.

Demetrius was not aware that in thus making Charles's eulogium, he was literally making his own. For both ladies admired a nature which thus proved itself incapable of envy, and alive to the most sacred of sentiments.

In the common intercourse of life, we have so many circumvallations of ceremony, to pierce through; so many outworks of awe and reserve, to

carry, ere we can get to the heart, that it is seldom we have time enough to discover in another, or to display in ourselves, that congeniality which turns acquaintance into friendship. All these obstacles however, were cleared away, before the little party now assembled : Terror, joy, and gratitude, had at once thrown open the gates of each bosom ; rank and etiquette were no more remembered ; and they now saw in one another, only the preserver and the preserved.

Under the influence of such feelings, no wonder they were all equally pleased.

By degrees the melancholy clouds on the face of Demetrius, were displaced by serenity, and then the Duchess observed that resemblance between him and her grand-daughter, which had been remarked by Charles and others. This was the resemblance of colouring and expression, rather than of feature ; but it was very striking ; arguing a similarity both in temperament and mind.

During this visit Demetrius learned that Mam'selle de Ingersdorf was still with her father near Munich, and that she was well in health.

Willingly would Demetrius have known more of one, in whom he was interested from her endearing qualities, as much as from the certainty of her power over his brother's peace ; but the Princess evidently shunned the subject ; though the sudden sigh she drew, while lamenting her friend's depar-

ture from Vienna, convinced her watchful auditor, that she knew the extent of Adelaide's situation.

The Duchess had determined upon removing to a neighbouring lodge while the burned-wing should be rebuilt; for which purpose the domestics were employed in transferring part of the furniture. Demetrius was now invited to join the family there at supper, that evening; and he then left the palace with a trophy of Constantia's favour; having had his inconvenient sling replaced by one, which her own delicate hands adjusted.

Power and wealth, are the only magicians; they can create fairy-land out of desarts, and turn a dull pile, into a scene of splendour!

When Demetrius entered the lodge, he was surprised to see it as rich in ornament and comfort, as if it had always been the residence of princes. The situation itself was highly romantic: hanging over the Livenza river, and surrounded by gigantic evergreens. Beautiful exotics bloomed in every saloon; and the genial temperature of an air, artificially produced, made him forget that all was winter without.

As he trod the matted galleries, anticipating the partial reception he was sure to meet with, his heart seemed to whisper that here it had found its home. He felt a sort of property in the charming women whose lives he had saved, and almost longed to greet their kindness with a cordial embrace.

As he approached the Princess (after having kissed the out-stretched hand of the duchess,) she said with her usual innocent frankness,

“ We have thought you so long !—I believe we shall never feel safe again without you.”

“ And I am sure,” rejoined the old lady, “ we shall never thoroughly enjoy any future pleasure, unless our deliverer has his full share of it.—We have not many pleasures here, ’tis true ; but I can add to them, for the sake of a young man to whom I owe so much.

“ Are you fond of music, Count ?—Do you love dancing ? or hunting ? or reading ? or social quiet ? or what do you like ? Before we can get quite as sociable as I mean we shall be, we must understand each other’s tastes. Though my Constantia cheerfully quits the gay world, to enliven the retirement of an infirm old woman, I will not insist upon your doing the same ; and yet I must see you very often.—So chuse how it is to be :—in assemblies, or at that little supper-table !”

Overpowered with gratitude and gratification, Demetrius, of course, poured out a most eloquent rhapsody about the delight of social intercourse, the improving calm of seclusion, the inexhaustible riches of study ; sprinkling his discourse very plentifully with allusions to the contemplative walk between avenues of awe-inspiring cedars ; the distant roar of the Adriatic, and the beauties of moon-light : in

short, Demetrius wished to retain the favour of the Duchess, and with a harmless deceit, kept back his taste for hunting and dancing, avowing only his real predilection for the other pursuits.

The Duchess smiled :

“ This philosophic indifference to common pleasures,” said she, “ lifts you so above our level, that I see you must be corrupted a little, to make you companionable: we’ll have a ball here very soon ; and then you shall have an opportunity of trying whether Constantia hangs as heavy on your hands, as she did last night on your arms.”

A hearty laugh at this play upon words, spared Demetrius from replying. The princess though blushing, eyed him still more archly than her grandmother.

“ Your wish to please my grandmama,” she said, “ is so agreeable to me, Count, that I will not quarrel with you for putting a negative upon balls and concerts ; but just let me hint to you, that you may safely recal that negative, and honestly own, you love to sing and dance, and be happy now and then among crowds.—If you are as like me in character as in countenance, you can be happy anywhere : alone or in company ; in a ball-room, or in a wood ; reading or talking ; playing the philosopher, or playing the fool ; and so you may as well consent to be happy a fortnight hence, dancing with me, as resolve upon awkwardly masquerading in

your present garb of a Nestor :—it don't become you, upon my honour.'"

Such good-humoured raillery produced no worse effect upon Demetrius, than rendering him completely ingenuous. He confessed guilty to the charge of dissimulation, owned that dancing was one of his favourite amusements, music his passion ; and finally engaged himself for the enviable distinction of waltzing at the coming ball, with his fair accuser.

Hours now flew like minutes.—Lively imaginations and warm hearts, never permitted the conversation to cease, or become languid : they were like friends meeting after long absence : each, had a profusion of things to say, and each listened with animated interest to the details of the other.

Constantia, who would not allow any one to attend the Duchess but herself, glided airily about her, performing all those little offices of attentive affection, which are so endearing when cheerfully executed : and Demetrius, after a short contest, was permitted to dismiss, and take the place of the male attendant, whose business it was, to lift his Lady from one station to another.

When they were seated at supper, the business of the repast gave fresh vivacity to their conversation : and had a painter wished for models of youthful delight, he might have found them in Princess Constantia and our young Hussar.

Ah, unhappy Zaire ! at this very moment, wast thou, in a distant country, gazing with swimming eyes, upon the miniature of that beautiful face which thy tenderness had so often lighted up, with all the charm of transport ! At this very moment, was thy too-faithful heart, beating with an incurable passion, and silently petitioning the God of pity, to forgive its criminal constancy !

When Colonel Wurtzburgh first heard of his young Lieutenant's introduction to the Duchess di Felieri, he was seized with such an acute fit of his old disease, envy, that with difficulty he concealed it : but recovering after a short struggle, he consoled himself with hoping that in so unequal an intimacy might be sown the seeds of that misery for the brothers, which has demoniac genius was so well qualified to ripen. He therefore congratulated Demetrius, liberally praised the Duchess, and her charming grand-daughter, and begged earnestly to obtain an introduction also.

This was easily accomplished. The Duchess grateful for the services of Wurtzburgh's regiment, had already ordered money to be distributed among the soldiers ; and she now gave a magnificent entertainment to the officers, at which some of the finest performers from the Venetian Opera-house, exerted their bewitching talents. A ball followed the concert, composed of the nobility, and neighbouring military.

At this gala, Constantia's uncle was present. He came to congratulate their venerable relative upon her providential escape ; and personally to present the young Count Leopolstat, with a sword superbly hilted with diamonds.

In the company of the Prince of Nuremberg, it was impossible to forget that he was a Prince: his air warned even his intimates never to lose sight of that. If he smiled, it was a smile which awed, not invited the gaiety of others ; if he conversed, his cold stateliness checked the current of conversation, confining it solely to his questions and their replies.

Demetrius could not help perceiving in this Prince's ostentatious acknowledgments, the want of gratitude's best ingredient, a delight at having been obliged. No sooner had he given him the glittering sword, and delivered with it a formal speech of future patronage, before an assemblage of company, than he seemed to think that his involuntary debt was completely acquitted ; and that he might henceforth consider the young subaltern as a creature intitled to no more than the usual share of illustrious condescension.

Had not the eyes of Constantia pleaded for her uncle's ungraciousness, and by their kindness atoned for it, the high-spirited Demetrius, would have been tempted to risk Nuremberg's eternal displeasure, by refusing the bauble, to which he now affixed no value. He checked the resentful swell of his

proud heart, simply bowed a reply, and politely fastened it at his side.

This momentary mortification was fully compensated by the pointed attentions of the Duchess ; she was not to be frowned out of laudable feeling by a petulant nephew. Conscious that Demetrius deserved the warmest gratitude, and held that rank in society, which privileged her openly to shew it, she evidently made his gratification, her sole aim, in the amusements of the evening !

Unaccustomed to the opposition of any of her wishes, and unused to consult either private or public opinion ; habituated to follow every benevolent impulse without considering the inconveniences to which it might lead, she now secretly resolved to adopt this engaging youth, and to bequeath him at her death, that part of her fortune which she had formerly destined for her nephew. The icy reserve of the Prince, disgusted her : perhaps she was unconsciously piqued at the indifference about her life, and his niece's, which cold conduct to their preserver certainly implied. Whatever was the motive, from that night she conceived as immoderate a dislike to him, as she had taken an affection for Demetrius, and saw the former depart, a few days afterwards, without offering at a single attempt to detain him.

The incident of the ball, had shewn her the heartlessness of costly presents. To have given the young

soldier any more diamonds, would she thought taste of her nephew's repaying principle: she therefore merely presented him with a rich pelisse, embroidered in gold, by herself.

The kindness with which Demetrius was uniformly received at the lodge, and his aptitude to forget every distinction, in affection, soon produced a complete familiarity, which shewed all their minds in that negligent undress that is so becoming, when worn by sense and virtue.

Dividing the day between exercise, employment, and elegant recreation, was so much the habit of Constantia and her grandmother, that they seemed ignorant of the merit attached to so laudable a use of time.

Demetrius never saw with them, any of that lassitude, or those capricious humours, springing out of indolence: they had no occasion to rack their friend's inventions for new amusements, being satisfied with such as they had enjoyed together for many months.

Though unable to move without assistance, the Duchess did not suffer her mind to become the slave of her body: society of the enlightened and the good, and the works of genius were glorious resources, which never failed her. She continued also, to hold a stated court; and had days of audience, at which her numerous tenantry attended with com-

plaints or petitions, every one of which, she heard and examined.

Each hour of the day was dedicated by her, to some laudable purpose, or some innocent recreation: every domestic under her roof had his determined use: and though constant employment occupied all the members of her vast household, the mind of its mistress, communicated its own serene character to them, producing that placid steadiness which is the beauty of order. "Such an order the heavenly bodies keep, which so move that they ever seem to stand still, and never disturb one another."

While the Duchess thus reigned within, a domestic deity, Constantia visited the sick and aged in the environs of the palace; often administering with her own hands, the medicines prescribed by their physician. It was then, that Demetrius (being now permitted to accompany her walks,) felt the full power of Constantia: the loveliness of her person, faded before the brightness of her soul; her benevolent actions perpetually awakened that tender admiration which neither mere beauty nor love, can ever arouse: he would then think of Madame de Fontainville with a sigh of bitter concern.

What a maturity, did a youth so employed appear to promise!—it was impossible for him to see her as he often did, stooping to caress the peasant children, condescending to tell them little tales, and

to give them short instructions, without imagining the period in which she would probably be surrounded, by a race of her own. At those moments he could not forbear wishing that she had been born of less splendid parents, and that it had been his brother's lot, to seek and to obtain her congenial heart.

It was impossible for Demetrius not to love virtues so blended with graces and accomplishments, and so enlivened by spirits, blooming in perpetual spring.—He gave way to the delight with which the contemplation of them, inspired him, believing it a harmless, nay a praise-worthy sentiment. Alas! he knew not, under how many different garbs the tyrant passion obtains entrance through the breast!

The painful tenderness which he still retained for Madame de Fontainville, assisted yet more in deceiving him. He had so long believed it impossible for him, entirely to conquer that unfortunate attachment, that he was insensible to its gradual decline. In nothing was the diminution of this passion so evident, as in the decay of its hopes: for in proportion as his desire to possess Madame de Fontainville, lost its earnestness, the death of her husband, appeared an event, less and less probable.

Sometimes a casual remark, by rousing long-forgotten scenes, would for awhile revive all the impetuosity of forbidden wishes: and then pity, the

strongest feeling he now cherished for the once-adored Zaire, would rise to such an agony as to impose on him for love.

These occasional fits of grief served only to render his character more interesting to his illustrious friends, and to cheat himself into a belief that he was still a martyr to self-imposed despair.

Leopolstat's letters were always sure to banish this false idea of his own unequalled sufferings: they were so fraught with restrained but profound sadness, that Demetrius acknowledged his superior claim on compassion and respect.

His answer to that, in which Demetrius related his introduction to the Felieri family, and his vain endeavour to hear something particular of Adelaide, contained in one part, these words.—

“ I sincerely thank you, my dearest brother, for your tender solicitude about my happiness; and do assure you, it is an additional motive to me, for contending with a weakness at which I ought to blush.

“ I will not attempt to conceal from you, that my heart *has* received a deep and dreadful wound: it will take many years to cure—and then, your brother can have no other hope in life than to see you happy.

“ You will pardon this excess of regret, when you recollect, that men at my age, (at least such as are susceptible of the softer feelings;) have more

causes for lamenting the disappointment of a strong attachment, than such as are younger.—With the woman they love, is associated the sweet expectation of a home and a family; an estimation in society, which no single man feels himself justly entitled to claim; a domestic haven, after years of extravagant hopes, fantastic wishes, and merely selfish toil; a new and more powerful incentive to honourable action; a certainty, in short, of those substantial blessings which are never to be found except in a union of duties and sentiments: they renounce, therefore, the whole aim of life, even in the very noon-day of it; (for an attachment, endeared by such associations, is not often subdued;) while the views of younger men, being bounded by the mere possession of one beloved object, after a temporary disappointment may stretch forward to another.”

When perusing such letters as these, Demetrius could not help confessing the superior nature of an affection like this, so connected with rational desires; nor forbear wishing, that he could forget for ever, a passion which had so differently affected his disordered heart.

Never till now, had he felt to anguish, one of the consequences of that passion.

Resolute in condemning himself to rigid economy, and depriving himself even of benevolent indulgences, till his play debts should be liquidated,

he had refused the generous assistance of Charles ; who finding him pained by importunity, unwillingly relinquished it, on condition that they should afterwards share the income which the former had originally enjoyed.

Demetrius was now living entirely upon his pay, and often sighed in vain for the means of sharing in Princess Constantia's liberality.

They were one day loitering together in some woods remote from the Lodge, when a man and his wife, who appeared exhausted with sickness and poverty, begged for charity. The Princess immediately put money into their hands :—Demetrius had that very morning parted with his last ducat to procure some comforts for a soldier's wife, who had just lain in of twins ; and he was now forced to be a passive hearer of a very affecting story.

Constantia directed the poor travellers to the palace : after she turned back, he was silent for some time ; at length he said, with great emotion—

“ I would rather have you know me to be any thing, than think me unfeeling ; so now I honestly confess, that at this moment, I could give those miserable people, nothing but sighs.”

The blush of ingenuous shame which mantled on his cheek, was pale to the glow of painful surprise, spreading over that of the young Princess : She hastily stopped ; and her eager eyes asked an explanation.

Demetrius gave it her, impetuously.

Though there was a good deal to censure him for, in the circumstances of this narrative, there was much to applaud:—and had Constantia known, how powerful a sentiment precipitated him into the fault, she would have censured him still less. The poverty thus candidly acknowledged, the independent principle, which his ardour prompted him to avow, and the grateful fondness with which he expatiated on his brother's goodness, were new stimulants to her esteem: secretly resolving to avoid with great address, every motive for expense, whenever he was with her, she took his hand as a sister might have done, and said sweetly—

“So: we are to resemble each other in every way. If it were not for my dear grandmama's generosity, I should be much poorer than yourself. Relying on her partiality to provide for me, (she loving me with an affection double as our relationship; for she was not only the mother of my mother, but my great-aunt, having been the sister of my grand-father the famous Prince of Nuremberg;) my father, in memory of my grand-father's greatness, was fond of extending the family territories, and therefore, left all his personal estates to his brother, the present Prince of Nuremberg.—Hence you see, that being totally dependent on the bounty of my grand-mother, I have no merit in being generous: *you* have.” She then proceeded to comment

on the confession of error which he had just made ; and Demetrius while he listened, thought he had never before heard such conclusive arguments against gaming.

It would be useless to trace the progress of that well-grounded affection, which a constant intercourse of three months from this period, produced between Constantia and Demetrius.

It is easy to conceive how imperceptibly, yet how surely, a guilty passion in an otherwise pure heart, would fade before the charm of innocence ; and how naturally Constantia would seek to imbibe favourable sentiments for the preserver of her life.

So equal was the growth of their attachment, that neither of them had yet wished for more regard than the other testified ; and Demetrius, who remembered Love, even in its happiest hours, only as a season of storms, would have been astonished had any one given that name to the delightful emotion with which he now gazed after the steps of his gay Constantia, met her bright eyes, or touched her soft hand.

The sunshine of a virtuous affection, pervaded his whole soul : but as neither jealousy nor apprehension had as yet clouded its brightness, he suffered himself to enjoy the genial effect, without scrutinizing its cause.

Had accident prompted him to put the question to himself, he would have negatived it, upon these

grounds. During the despotic reign of his first love, every other sentiment had withered in his bosom ; even fraternal affection was then a weak feeling : the hope of distinction, honourable distinction, ceased to actuate him ; life, lost its best and most powerful motive, the desire of discharging its duties with fidelity ; and an inglorious wish of devoting his existence to Madame de Fontainville, was substituted in its stead. Certain that he was loved to all the excess he panted for, he forsook every study necessary to make him more estimable ; indulging a trance of fond idleness, for which Madame de Fontainville doted on him too much, to condemn :

Now, his thoughts were perpetually stirred with visions of future renown, and schemes of splendid utility ; his heart expanded to new objects, and glowed with greater warmth for objects already dear ; he pursued, not only elegant studies, but severer ones, with energetic perseverance : and felt as if some radiant prize were to be his reward. He knew not that the heart of Constantia was the only prize his labours sought. Constantia also, encouraged in her breast, the partiality which spread so serenely throughout his. It is true, she enjoyed nothing without he was present ; and every morning wasted near an hour in loitering at a window fronting the horse-road, watching his appearance. But, for this impatience she had always an excellent reason : some ridiculous event to tell him, some new

book to shew him, some flower to give, or some neglect to scold him for. At any rate, she always found a reason that satisfied herself.

She would repeatedly intreat the Duchess to tell her that she was like Demetrius; gaily urging his personal advantages, as the only motive: she would frequently compare the similarity of their propensities and talents (for both rhymed with facility, and sung charmingly,) and ever ended with protesting that Providence ought to have made them brother and sister.

Too long blind to this prepossession, the Duchess at length opened her eyes on it. At first she was painfully startled, but a short consultation with her own eccentric spirit, more than reconciled her.

Demetrius though a younger brother without patrimony, was of the noblest Hungarian family: his fine qualities graced his high descent, and the brilliant reputation of his brother reflected lustre upon him. Could this young man be enriched, all objections would vanish: to be sure, the rank of Constantia might entitle her to the hand of a reigning Prince; and were she solely to inherit the immense wealth of Felieri, might obtain it. But need she a principality to be happy? would she be more indebted to her anxious parent, for placing her beyond the reach of a man she loved, than for raising him to her level?

The Duchess answered these propositions, agree-

able to her own wishes ; and resolved to let their affection take its course.

They were both, too young to marry ; and to give the connection respectability it was requisite for Demetrius to come forwarder on the stage of life, than he had hitherto found opportunities of doing. So attached as he was to her, she had little doubt of hearing from his letters, (should the expected war proceed,) the state of his feelings : and whenever those should amount to excessive pain, she meant to calm them, by avowing her intentions.

Opposition from the Prince of Nuremberg, she foresaw and contemned : it might afflict Constantia for a while, but it could not destroy her happiness. If the Duchess should die before the completion of her plan, and the Prince refuse to bestow his niece on the gallant youth to whom she owed her life ; his power of denial would cease when Constantia attained the age of twenty. She might then dispose of herself as she chose.

Thus reconciled to her own contempt of worldly-wisdom, the Duchess redoubled her kindness for Demetrius, styled him her child, and whenever they were rid of pomp's heaviest trappings, its long train of attendants, loved to hear her favourites address each other, by their familiar names.

Colonel Wurtzburgh meanwhile, was no dull witness of all this planning. He had seen the repelling demeanour with which Prince Nuremberg,

discharged his debt of gratitude; and had overheard him say, sternly, to the Duchess, (as they eyed Constantia flying through a dance with her preserver :) “That young man, seems too familiar here, Madam.—You knew how I detest the levelling system.”

Wurtzburgh treasured up this speech: it augured a violent and resolute opposition to any extravagant proposal of the old lady’s in favour of this ill-starred young man: and being ignorant of the influence which her vast disposable wealth gave the Duchess over her ungracious nephew, he suffered Demetrius to drink in the honey of this new attachment; sure, of eventually acquiring an alchymy that would turn it into poison.

CHAP. XIV.

LEAVING Demetrius to enjoy almost perfect happiness in the society of Felieri, and to describe it in his letters to the friendly Forshiem, we will revert to Charles.

The distinguished post he held under the Archduke, and the great share he enjoyed of that Prince's confidence, gave a salutary occupation to his hours.

Consoled by the tranquillity of a brother, (still the first object of his care,) employed in considering plans which might hereafter benefit his country, Leopolstat's philanthropic heart scarcely suffered itself to throb with one selfish grief: yet there were times, when it mastered all his strength.

As often as he tried to rouse up the decaying interest (formerly so lively ;) which the correspondence of his incognita created, he sighed at the vain attempt; convinced that the endearing qualities of Adelaide had placed an eternal barrier between him, and domestic ties. He now looked forward

to the explanation of that fantastic mystery, with pain ; foreseeing in its conclusion, only new sources of suffering for himself and for others.

With Count Forshiem his friendship had ripened into such intimacy, that he was often tempted to end by a single question, the strange conjectures and wild fancies which forced themselves on his mind, whenever he thought of his protracted nuptials. It was possible, that Forshiem, unacquainted with more than the exterior of Adelaide, or prepossessed in favour of some other woman, might not wish to ratify the engagement made for him in childhood : it was possible that she might have refused his hand, and be now free. If this were the case, why should he hesitate to take advantage of the partiality so ill concealed by Mam'selle de Ingersdorf ?—Was not her father peculiarly encouraging to him ?—Did not his own civil and military rank, entitle him to seek her hand ?—Yes : but he was still, comparatively, a beggar.

When the pending law-suit should terminate favourably, Adelaide would be the mistress of a very large fortune : yet if that should end otherwise, she would be nearly portionless.

How rapidly did the blood run through the veins of Charles, as he fancied this improbable possibility. For a moment, he beheld Adelaide his own, content to share an humble fortune, and to find in domestic retirement, and the calm of an un-

decorated sufficiency, that happiness for which she seemed expressly formed.

The simplified dress, the pleasing cares of elegant economy, the sports of children, and the delights of a home unapproached by fashion's senseless tribe, all produced an instantaneous picture, upon which he gazed with tender transport: but it vanished!—at the voice of reason it vanished for ever.

Forshiem, was of too noble a nature, thus to desert the woman who had long been isolated from every other prospect, by his avowed engagement; Marshal Ingersdorf still proclaimed his intention of bestowing Adelaide on his ward; and she herself, had written to her aunt, that her fate was fixed. Nothing, therefore, was left to Charles, but the conviction of having acted with uniform integrity. This, became a solid consolation, and enabled him to stem the torrent of passionate regret.

The well-principled abhorrence with which he had taught himself to consider selfishness, even under its most seducing form, (complete abandonment to despair, at the loss of virtuous hopes;) now proved his best auxiliary. He believed himself born to the performance of those active virtues, which the indulgence of extreme sorrow, renders us unfit to execute; and he sought to banish the pain of his own sufferings, by alleviating the distress of others.

To some persons so manageable a grief as this, may appear no grief at all: and to them it may seem as if maturity, had blunted the edge of exquisite feeling in our hero's breast. Let such persons remember, that the apparent decrease of sensibility as men advance in life, is to be attributed to its real increase: what was once selfish solicitude, spreads into generous concern for their fellow-beings;—and even this is balanced by a new power of equal weight, *reason*.

In military duties and studies, joined to the enjoyments of benevolence and friendship, did the autumn and the winter pass away with Count Leopoldstat: a new scene then opened.

Reviving her frustrated scheme of universal aggrandizement, France dissolved the engagements of Campo Formio; and put her armies on the Rhine and in Italy, into a threatening posture.

The Austrian troops hastened to oppose this bold movement, by advancing to the Lech; where they lay in readiness to cross that river, whenever she should openly declare war, by passing the acknowledged boundary.

In the beginning of March, General Jourdan, threw down the expected gauntlet, and Prince Charles, rushed forward to seize it.

Sheltering themselves under their threadbare mantle of falsehood, the French Directory proclaimed this hostile act, but an authorized precaution;

and assured of the Emperor's willingness to plunge again into war, imprudently seized upon every important position, between the Rhine and the Danube.

Disappointed in his views of driving the Austrian General, Hotze, from the Tyrol, or of interposing his army between that of this General's and Prince Charles's, Jourdan was driven back towards the Black Forest; and having thrown off the useless mask of pacific precaution, daringly invited the attack of the Imperialists.

The grand object of the Arch-Duke, was to prevent the junction of Jourdan's and Massena's armies: the latter of which, now occupied Switzerland and the Grisons.—For this purpose, he made a sudden and irresistible effort against the enemy, driving them from the disputed post of Ostrach, to a position on the Lake of Constance.

In the brilliant action of this first general engagement, Leopoldstat distinguished himself with his usual bravery.

The French Generals foiled in their attempts to unite their forces; (for Massena had been beaten back from the Voralberg, through which he had tried to pierce; and Jourdan was held in check by the Arch-duke;) determined to risk a battle.

Jourdan's position was highly favourable to success; the Arch-duke's was full of peril.

The French commenced the attack at the break of day, upon each of the Austrian wings at the same

moment: their object being, to cause a diversion from the centre, which by weakening it irreparably might afford them a mean of breaking through the line, and securing the lake of Constance. The suddenness and vigour of this attack; the advantages of Jourdan's position; and the disadvantageous ground unavoidably occupied by the Austrians, at first inclined the balance to the enemy: they penetrated with great slaughter through the right wing, and confidently proceeded to dislodge some remaining troops, posted on the heights beyond.

The battle was then deemed lost: some of the bravest officers urged the Prince to retreat. Leopoldstat alone, eagerly seconded the indignation with which his illustrious General repelled this ignoble counsel. He suggested a new movement, which the Arch-duke adopted. Dismounting from his horse, Charles offered to rally and lead forward the scattered infantry: the offer was hastily accepted: several other officers caught his gallant enthusiasm, and the charge was renewed with a vigour which ensured success to the able dispositions of the Prince.

Dreadful was the carnage, but complete the victory. The noble and the lowly strewed the earth in mingled heaps: Charles saw his brave companions fall rapidly around, and thought not of himself but of his brother, who was then far away, and perhaps combating like them, only to die.

A severe flesh-wound was of too little consequence to the ardent Leopoldstat to confine him for a single hour : After this glorious day at Stockach, he bore his full share in the minor engagements that followed ; and had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy driven once more beyond the Rhine.

Jourdan's defeated army was consolidated with that of Massena's, in Switzerland, where it had sought a sanctuary from pursuit : and they were now menaced by the victorious troops of Austria.

In the memorable combat at Schaffhausen, Prince Charles had again been conqueror ; and now, waiting for the destined moment of entering Switzerland, he reposed his valiant soldiers upon the banks of the Lake of Constance.

It is the province of politicians to account for the five weeks inaction of this admirable young General, at so critical a period ; but candour will readily admit the probability of its arising from causes over which he had no power : causes that trammelled a great and a benevolent spirit, and have diffused pernicious effects through the whole mass of German operations.

Leaving Leopoldstat crowned with fresh laurels, and enjoying the secret councils of his august commander : leaving him to sigh amidst all his fame, and to think how empty were honours, unshared by Adelaide ; I return to Demetrius in the Trevisane.

In vanden Iane

J



